

Catholic Digest

FEBRUARY 1953

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Catholic Digest

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



COVER: Patsy Li, Chinese refugee from Guadacanal. The flower she wears is a pink hibiscus. Read the letter from the artist, Alex Ross, on the back cover. For Patsy's story, see pages 36 to 44.

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Our editorial policy follows St. Paul's advice: All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely and gracious in the telling . . . let this be the argument of your thought.

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He Hated the Japanese

But learned to love them because of 170 children and one girl

By LINLEY STAFFORD

HUGH O'REILLY hated the Japanese. On island after island in the Pacific, he had faced them as a Marine. He had killed them and he had nearly been killed by them. O'Reilly wanted no part of them.

But providence had a different plan for O'Reilly. Not content with his job of herding buses up and down New York's Lennox Ave., Hugh decided to give the army a try. In 1949, he joined up. He was sent immediately to Japan as a member of the famed 27th Wolfhound regiment, then an occupation unit in Osaka.

Three years before, the Japanese government had requested the Sisters of Charity to take over a home for war orphans near Osaka. This home was later called the Holy Family orphanage. It was originally an old, run-down Japanese army barracks. With it the nuns received practically no funds, no

prospects for any, and 170 homeless children to care for.

It was rough going. The barracks was cold in winter, hot in summer. Food was short and clothing almost impossible to find.

Then, in 1949, the orphans were invited to a Christmas party given by the men of the 27th, and the tide began to turn.

The American soldiers, famous throughout the world for their generosity, took a liking for the innocent war victims. They wished to give the kids more than candy and cake; they decided to give them bread.

If the regiment was going to do the orphanage any real good on a long-range basis, financing had to be centralized. It is at this point that our Japanese-hating sergeant comes into the picture.

Hugh O'Reilly is a born organizer. Before his hitch in the Marine corps during the 2nd World War, he had been active in



the labor movement in New York. He applied his native ability to get people to do things to the orphan-fund problem.

At first, nothing much happened. The soldiers were interested, but needed someone to prod them into action. Every payday, Hugh would move from company to company, pitting one against the other to see which one would contribute the most for "their kids."

Hugh was just passing through an important change of attitude toward the Japanese. He had taken up the orphanage-fund promotion as a public-relations job. It was good newspaper copy for the Wolfhounds to care for an orphanage.

Slowly, the orphanage took on a different meaning for Hugh. The "Jap kids" became just "kids" and then "our kids." The change first came in the person of a sad-eyed little girl who began to follow Hugh around when he went to the home to hand the money over to the Sisters. Her wistful loneliness touched something inside Hugh. It began to melt the cold wall he had built up on the war-stained islands years before.

Then Hugh began to notice the Japanese on the streets, in the shops and theaters, on the crowded buses like the one he used to drive. They were not unlike the people back home. The women shopped for bargains, fumbled for change on the buses. The men rushed to office or factory with the same determi-

FROM a sermon by H. van Straelen, S.V.D., Dutch missionary, to American troops about to receive Confirmation in Tokyo: "Once you have left Japan, the children will miss their big American brothers. They will remember the Christmas parties at this air base, the thrilling rides in jeeps. They will remember the great spreads, their first taste of real ice cream, their many presents.

"To me, you and your people are often somewhat mysterious. You conquer to liberate. Far from demanding material rewards for victory, you extend generous credits to people who were quite recently your mortal foes. You have alleviated poverty and famine all over the world. History provides no example of this behavior. You pay, you work, you bleed, and you die for the whole world."

Quoted in *Volkskrant*.

nation as the guys in New York City. And the children played, laughed, cried, and loved candy, just like the kids in the Bronx or Brooklyn. Especially the kids who had something to laugh and play about.

This new enthusiasm of Hugh's spread through the Wolfhounds like a disease. Every Wolfhound began to think of himself as a foster father, with responsibilities.

And, as any father would, they decided that the kids needed a better place to live. Hugh set about collecting enough money to build a new, permanent home for his new, self-appointed charges. It was a big order. It would take maybe \$80,000, or more. But it could be collected, especially since it wasn't a publicity stunt any more.

By June, 1950, headway had been made. Through Hugh's efforts, the Holy Family orphanage had been officially adopted by the Wolfhounds. Money was pouring in. Work was progressing on the new building.

Then the North Koreans came down across the 38th parallel, and the Wolfhounds were called on to defend the rights of free peoples throughout the world. They had reason to fight, and fight gallantly. Back home in America, they had their families and friends who were depending on them. And in Japan, they had their kids, all 170 of them, who needed to be defended, too.

In Korea, Sgt. Hugh O'Reilly was busy, along with the other men in the regiment, trying to keep alive. His first loyalty was to his commanding officer, Gen. (then Col.) "Mike" Michaelis, whose valiant fight to hold the line has become history. Hugh was often called on to join the men in the line when things were darkest. His efforts with the Wolfhounds prompted General Michaelis to commend the sergeant very highly.

(Sergeant O'Reilly is now serving in General Michaelis' new command, West Point.)

Hugh did not forget his orphans in Japan. From foxhole to foxhole, entrenched battalion to regimental headquarters, the word was passed around every day, "Don't forget the kids." And forget them they didn't, for the money kept coming in. Hugh still acted as the collecting agency, and forwarded the money to Father Thomas Fennell, an Irish priest in Osaka, who gave it to the Sisters.

After the required months of service in Korea, Hugh was due for rotation. Instead of returning to his home in the States, he requested reassignment in Japan and was granted permission to remain near his ever-growing adopted family until such time as their future was properly cared for. His return to the Holy Family orphanage was a glorious day for both Hugh and the orphans, who by this time thought of him as a sort of demigod, the giver of wonderful things.

The army, recognizing Hugh's intense interest in his work with the orphanage, extended his normal tour in Japan an additional six months beyond his second rotation point. When he did leave Japan in the summer of 1952, he left a job well done. From the original cold, dirty army barracks the children had moved into a new, well-heated building large enough to care for all their needs. Their sad,

lonely faces had brightened; their hopes for the future were more secure.

The Holy Family orphanage has now received more than \$120,000 from the Wolfhounds. Thanks to the efforts of one man, the contributions are still coming in at an average of more than \$3,000 a month.

The tall, self-possessed sergeant didn't really leave Japan behind last summer. He took a bit of it with him to the States in the person of Mrs. Yuko O'Reilly, his Japanese bride. When you consider how busy Hugh was, it seems incredible that he found sufficient time to woo the beautiful Yuko-san.

Hugh had met his future wife before the Wolfhounds had been transferred to Korea, but his mind was not on marriage then. When he returned to Osaka, he met her again, just by accident. Hugh and a friend stopped at a car dealer's one day to look at some new models just in from England. And there she was. He didn't buy a car that day. By the time he had finished his business with the car dealer, he had convinced the blushing Yuko-san that it was just and proper for her to go with him to the movies. Dinner dates followed, then drives across the Japanese countryside. The romance moved swiftly to its natural conclusion, marriage.

But like the Japanese roads, the

sergeant's path to marriage was not smooth. First, Hugh had to convince Yuko-san's family that his love for their favorite daughter was sincere and lasting. Although there have been thousands of Japanese-American marriages in Japan, families of good standing in the community still frown on their daughters' marrying soldiers.

Another bump in Hugh's road to the altar was his faith. Hugh takes his faith very seriously and before he would marry his girl, he wished her to become a Catholic. Yuko-san was from a family of Shintoists. Change of faith would be serious for her. But after they had gone together a short time, she began to take instructions, and since she was very sincere about Hugh and life, things worked out for them.

After the couple were married in the chapel in Osaka, they took a house in a section of the city far from any foreign compounds. Hugh's home life was completely Oriental, and he liked it that way. He learned to eat Japanese foods, to appreciate the Japanese way of life.

And in America there has not been one instance of discrimination against Hugh's bride. Everywhere she goes, whether out shopping or to the local movie, Mrs. Hugh O'Reilly has been accepted by her neighbors. Hugh's American friends have gone out of their way to help her adjust to her new home.

From deep-seated hatred of a marine sergeant for Japanese to foster father of 170 homeless Japanese children and husband of a lovely Japanese girl is a long way to go. But Sgt. Hugh O'Reilly made the transition. Regardless of where he may be stationed after he leaves West Point, regardless of what job he has, O'Reilly will remember Osaka and the Holy Family orphanage and the smiling faces of the children. And he will be remembered. The name of O'Reilly has been deeply etched in the hearts of thousands of Japanese who have come to know Ameri-

cans more fully through his love and devotion for some of them.

The Japanese have tried to show their appreciation for his work. Overt signs of enthusiasm and emotion are difficult for the Japanese. But they have demonstrated their gratitude in little things. He was chosen man of the year in Osaka in 1951. He was feted and praised. But this sort of display is not the real show of their appreciation. The real gratitude is deeper, too deep to be put into words of praise. It is reflected on the happy faces of the children and in the love the people show for him.



Flights of Fancy

As unpredictable as a well-shuffled deck of cards.—*The Recorder*.

Her eyes were homes of silent prayer.—*Alfred Tennyson*.

He gets winded playing cards.—*Motor Service*.

As alert as a television aerial.—*Donald J. Costello*.

Kids spraying out of side streets.—*Vera Gaspary*.

Sea and sky welded together without a joint.—*Joseph Conrad*.

Herons scanning the shallows like proofreaders.—*Win Brooks*.

New green carpet of grass fastened down with bright yellow dandelions.—*Nancy Noon*.

Trees cellophane-wrapped in sleet.—*Walter Pitkin*.

Scrawny pup with a high-frequency tail.—*Margaret Wilder*.

The professor was chasing a mint with his tongue.—*Czenzi Ormonde*.

A shiverful of keen air.—*Betty Kjelgaard*.

A robin on a snowy sidewalk insisting that it's spring—*Donald J. Costello*.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

How Important Religion Is To Americans

*Fifth of a series of articles on the CATHOLIC
DIGEST survey of religion in the U.S.*

THIS FIFTH REPORT of the national CATHOLIC DIGEST survey seeks to determine the regard Americans have for religion.

Just how important do Americans regard religion? They regard religion as tremendously important. Those declaring it to be very important, 75% of the grownups, make up approximately 78 million of the total population. To this may be added another nearly 21 million, who consider it fairly important. Of all Americans 18 years of age and over, only about 5 million do not attach much importance to religion.

Religion was a prime factor in our country's founding. Despite the areas of religious disagreement, we are still overwhelmingly agreed on the worth of religion.

Far from trifling, however, is the problem of the 5 million who hold religion to be not very important. To this group we may add approximately 2½ million of their children. That makes a total of 7½ million, nearly the population of New York City.

Are Protestants and Catholics opposed on the importance of

religion? There are no great differences between Catholics and Protestants: 3% of the Catholics think religion is not very important, as do 4% of the Protestants. Leaders will say that these 3½ million people of the two largest groups only *say* they are Catholics or Protestants, while actually they are not, because they do nothing about it, or because they act against the Commandments. Yet the fact remains that there are people who *say* they are Catholics (or Protestants) and *also* say that religion is unimportant.

The big difference is in those of the no-church group. Here a staggering 30% are indifferent to religion! That is to be expected. A person who belongs to no religious body is almost certain to regard religion as "not very important."

The amazing thing is that so many of the no-church group *regard religion as very important*: 37%, or a total of 1,850,000 adults.

To these we may add the 1½ million persons (over 18) who think religion is fairly important: a total of 3,335,000 persons in a

group who should be expected to disfavor religion, against 1,650,000 who actually *might* disfavor it. They *might* disfavor it because their answer is that religion is "not very important."

Who are the more religion-conscious, men or women? It is usually assumed that women are more concerned with religion than men are. It is true here: 97% of adult women are serious about religion and only 3% are indifferent. Presumably this will be reflected in the training of children in religion, since women are the prime educators both at home and in school. But men are not far behind women in regard for religion, with 90% declaring its importance and only 10% indifferent. This is a manly and encouraging fact in contrast to the traditional indifference found among men in other countries.

Does age increase regard for religion? In the group of 65 and over, we find 95%, more than 11 million of a large and growing segment of our population, who hold religion to be very or fairly important. Going back in age, regard for religion diminishes until we have in the 18-to-24 age group 20% fewer who consider religion very important. In numbers these two groups are approximately the same and serve to point up a distinct contrast. The tide of interest grows with the years. There is a refinement of values with age and experience.

Is religion advanced through the schools? Considering the place that religion holds in the life and history of nations, it might be assumed that the higher the level of education, the greater the regard for religion. The contrary is the trend. Among some 25 million adult Americans who have no more than eight years of schooling, 77% have a high regard for religion. Against this are 67% among the 12½ million college graduates. The intermediate levels of education are closely bunched at 5% less than those of grade-school training.

There are two evident conclusions. 1. College education is failing to establish a regard for religion. This may be due to a lack of emphasis, or a failure to integrate religion into the college program. 2. Since we find the highest degree of indifference among college graduates, 9%, or better than a million, it seems a reverse action is taking place. This presents a challenge to educators on this level, either in the arts or professional schools.

Does occupation or income influence regard for religion? Importance of religion does not grow out of either a person's work or his income. One group, the farmers, making up 15% of our population, stand high in considering religion very important (81%), 6 points above the next group, the professional people. The lower-income group, about a third of the

Question 2-a. How important would you say religion is in your own life—very important, fairly important, or not very important?

| | % Very Important | % Fairly Important | % Not Very Important | % Undecided |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------|----------------------------|----------------|
| TOTAL U. S. | 75 | 20 | 5 | * |
| RELIGION—R. Catholic..... | 83 | 14 | 3 | * |
| Protestant total..... | 76 | 20 | 4 | * |
| Baptist..... | 84 | 13 | 3 | 0 |
| Methodist..... | 74 | 22 | 4 | * |
| Lutheran..... | 70 | 24 | 6 | * |
| Presbyterian..... | 72 | 23 | 5 | * |
| Episcopal..... | 67 | 26 | 6 | 1 |
| Congregational..... | 57 | 41 | 2 | 0 |
| Other denominations..... | 77 | 20 | 3 | * |
| Jewish..... | 47 | 37 | 15 | 1 |
| Other and None..... | 27 | 27 | 30 | 6 |
| SEX—Men..... | 68 | 22 | 8 | 2 |
| Women..... | 79 | 18 | 3 | * |
| AGE—18-24..... | 64 | 30 | 6 | * |
| 25-34..... | 71 | 24 | 5 | * |
| 35-44..... | 71 | 23 | 6 | * |
| 45-54..... | 77 | 15 | 6 | 2 |
| 55-64..... | 80 | 14 | 4 | 2 |
| 65 & over..... | 84 | 11 | 4 | 1 |
| RACE—White..... | 75 | 20 | 5 | * |
| Negro..... | 78 | 13 | 8 | 1 |
| EDUCATION—0-8th grade..... | 77 | 16 | 5 | 2 |
| 1-3 years high school..... | 72 | 20 | 6 | 2 |
| High school graduate..... | 73 | 23 | 4 | * |
| 1-3 years college..... | 73 | 20 | 7 | * |
| College graduate..... | 67 | 23 | 9 | 1 |
| OCCUPATION—Professional..... | 75 | 20 | 5 | * |
| Proprietor or manager..... | 72 | 20 | 8 | * |
| White-collar worker..... | 74 | 21 | 5 | * |
| Service worker..... | 72 | 23 | 4 | 1 |
| Manual worker..... | 73 | 20 | 5 | 2 |
| Farmer..... | 81 | 17 | 2 | * |
| Other..... | 74 | 16 | 8 | 2 |
| INCOME—Upper..... | 75 | 20 | 5 | * |
| Middle..... | 75 | 20 | 5 | * |
| Lower..... | 72 | 20 | 6 | 2 |
| CITY SIZE—Over Million..... | 68 | 21 | 9 | 2 |
| 100,000-1 Million..... | 70 | 20 | 9 | 1 |
| 25,000-100,000..... | 75 | 21 | 3 | 1 |
| 10,000-25,000..... | 77 | 19 | 3 | * |
| Under 10,000..... | 73 | 22 | 5 | * |
| Rural..... | 84 | 14 | 2 | |
| REGION—New England..... | 79 | 15 | 4 | 2 |
| Middle Atlantic..... | 72 | 19 | 7 | 2 |
| So. Atlantic..... | 83 | 13 | 4 | * |
| East South Central..... | 87 | 11 | 2 | 0 |
| West South Central..... | 85 | 13 | 2 | * |
| East North Central..... | 67 | 27 | 5 | 1 |
| West North Central..... | 69 | 24 | 6 | 1 |
| Mountain..... | 66 | 25 | 7 | 2 |
| Pacific..... | 64 | 27 | 8 | 1 |

* Less than one-half per cent.

population, are below the national figure in interest, at 72%.

Where is religion valued least? In the country's largest cities only 68% of the people hold religion very important. This is in contrast to the 84% of those living in rural areas. In the case of the city, where facilities for education are greatest, regard for religion dwindles. This might be the result of no religion in public schools.

The several sections of the country listed on the tables indicate a rather even pull toward religion. However, in the Pacific area, where only 5 out of 10 attend church regularly, 91% hold religion very or fairly important. Approximately a tenth of the adult population lives in this area.

In addition to these figures on the place of religion in the lives of Americans, we have investigated how people think religion should be passed from adults to their children. In part, a sense of religion is a natural instinct, a movement of man's conscience. Yet it must be developed in the young if it is not to be lost. Failure to instill an understanding of religion, a sound judgment concerning it, leads only to confusion.

Would you raise your children as church members? The great majority, better than 7 out of 10, desire to raise their children as church members. Against this, almost 25 million think their children should be free of formal re-

ligion until they are old enough to make up their own minds. Combining this latter with the 4% who are undecided, almost a third of the adult population differs as to the method of instilling regard for religion. This is more than a simple difference of approach. It is a basic opposition among the American people as to the educational means of promoting religion in the minds and hearts of children.

If there is genuine conviction on the part of those who declare church affiliation, then raising children as church members is a matter of obligation. It is the better means of instilling a true understanding of religion. If there is doubt about their religion, it still must be admitted that to make a free and intelligent choice the young must be given the means of making a sound judgment.

Catholics favor raising children as church members (91%), with 7% holding out for the child's freedom to make up his own mind. Of the total adult Protestants, 67%,



Question 2-b. Do you think children should be raised as church members or do you think they should be free of formal religion until they are old enough to make up their own minds?

| | Millions of People This Represents ** | % Raised as Church Members | % Free to Make Up Own Minds | % Undecided |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-------------|
| TOTAL U. S. | 104.0 | 72 | 24 | 4 |
| RELIGION—R. Catholic..... | 23.7 | 91 | 7 | 2 |
| Protestant total..... | 71.1 | 67 | 28 | 5 |
| Baptist..... | 18.0 | 56 | 38 | 6 |
| Methodist..... | 16.6 | 69 | 25 | 6 |
| Lutheran..... | 7.9 | 84 | 16 | * |
| Presbyterian..... | 7.2 | 73 | 24 | 3 |
| Episcopal..... | 3.0 | 80 | 14 | 6 |
| Congregational..... | 1.6 | 69 | 22 | 9 |
| Other denominations..... | 16.8 | 66 | 29 | 5 |
| Jewish..... | 3.5 | 67 | 23 | 10 |
| Other and None..... | 5.7 | 49 | 46 | 5 |
| SEX—Men..... | 51.5 | 72 | 24 | 4 |
| Women..... | 52.5 | 71 | 24 | 5 |
| AGE—18-24..... | 11.8 | 66 | 30 | 4 |
| 25-34..... | 23.4 | 68 | 28 | 4 |
| 35-44..... | 22.3 | 73 | 22 | 5 |
| 45-54..... | 20.0 | 75 | 19 | 6 |
| 55-64..... | 13.7 | 78 | 18 | 4 |
| 65 & over..... | 12.8 | 71 | 24 | 5 |
| RACE—White..... | 93.7 | 71 | 24 | 5 |
| Negro..... | 10.3 | 69 | 26 | 5 |
| EDUCATION—0-8th grade..... | 25.0 | 69 | 26 | 5 |
| 1-3 years high school..... | 19.8 | 72 | 24 | 4 |
| High school graduate..... | 39.4 | 74 | 22 | 4 |
| 1-3 years college..... | 7.3 | 69 | 26 | 5 |
| College graduate..... | 12.5 | 73 | 21 | 6 |
| OCCUPATION—Professional..... | 9.3 | 69 | 24 | 7 |
| Proprietor or manager..... | 9.4 | 74 | 23 | 3 |
| White-collar worker..... | 19.5 | 73 | 22 | 5 |
| Service worker..... | 10.4 | 75 | 20 | 5 |
| Manual worker..... | 40.9 | 70 | 26 | 4 |
| Farmer..... | 13.0 | 65 | 27 | 8 |
| Other..... | 1.5 | 68 | 26 | 6 |
| INCOME—Upper..... | 17.7 | 74 | 21 | 5 |
| Middle..... | 53.0 | 73 | 23 | 4 |
| Lower..... | 33.3 | 68 | 28 | 4 |
| CITY SIZE—Over Million..... | 12.1 | 75 | 19 | 6 |
| 100,000-1 Million..... | 18.6 | 78 | 17 | 5 |
| 25,000-100,000..... | 12.2 | 78 | 20 | 2 |
| 10,000-25,000..... | 8.2 | 75 | 21 | 4 |
| Under 10,000..... | 35.9 | 68 | 28 | 4 |
| Rural..... | 17.0 | 66 | 29 | 5 |
| REGION—New England..... | 6.4 | 86 | 12 | 2 |
| Middle Atlantic..... | 20.8 | 82 | 14 | 4 |
| So. Atlantic..... | 14.6 | 70 | 23 | 7 |
| East South Central..... | 7.9 | 59 | 38 | 3 |
| West South Central..... | 10.0 | 50 | 47 | 3 |
| East North Central..... | 21.0 | 72 | 23 | 5 |
| West North Central..... | 9.7 | 74 | 21 | 5 |
| Mountain..... | 3.5 | 68 | 28 | 4 |
| Pacific..... | 10.1 | 70 | 25 | 5 |

*Less than one-half per cent.

**These are residents of the U. S. 18 years of age and over. The figures are based on the 1950 census estimates, except for "Religion" and "Income." These are based on the sample survey findings, since there are no comparable census estimates available.

almost 48 million, express themselves for church-membership training, and 28%, or about 20 million, think freedom of choice should be the course. The Jewish total breaks down to 67% for church training, 23% for freedom from training, and 10% undecided.

The table shows a rather consistent division, with more people undecided. The greater numbers of undecided people on this question account for the wider variations in the several groups. In general, three-quarters of the adult population speak out for raising children as church members as against one-quarter who think children should be free to make up their own minds.

What is to be done to continue our high regard for religion? Recognizing the fact that the greater majority consider religion important, it would appear that some means should be offered to transmit that value to children. Because approximately 98 million adults (75% plus 20%) recognize this importance, it is likely that religion will rank high in the values they try to give their children.

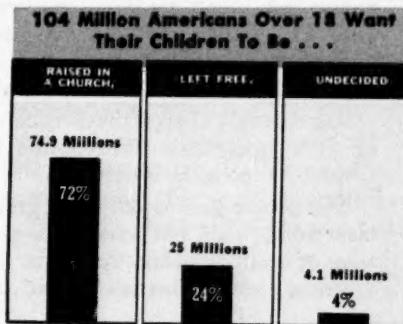
At the same time, it is apparent that the question is one of education, whether this be training in a church as members, or equipping the children with the means of making a sound judgment. If the 24% who think their children should be free to make up their own minds follow through with

their declaration, they pose a serious problem. Their children, some 12 million, would grow up with no religion from which they could derive an early moral sense.

If those people who consider religion important follow their conviction, they will see to it that the 12 million are provided with sufficient religious training to make sound moral judgments and a final choice of religious truth. Unless those children are given religious instruction, an important part of their lives will be left to chance. At the same time, the 12 million children could well become problems to society. With expanded education in religion, the entire national sense of value will increase and extend our moral strength.

Religion: importance versus teaching method. One part of this picture is encouraging: that so many people know that religion is important and want their children brought up in it.

The other is discouraging: that so many think their children should



be left to make up their own minds.

Children begin the study of all other subjects as early in life as possible: mathematics, language,

reading, writing, etc. Only the subject of religion is postponed as long as possible. That is tantamount to teaching children that religion is of little importance in their lives.



How Important Religion Is to Frenchmen

THE FRENCH INSTITUTE of Public Opinion has made a survey of religious opinion in France similar to the one conducted by THE CATHOLIC DIGEST in the U. S. Here are some of its findings.

Eight out of ten baptized Catholic adults said that they believed in the existence of God. To the question, "Do you consider yourself a fervent Catholic, an average Catholic, a lukewarm Catholic, or not a practicing Catholic at all?" 14% said they were fervent; 37% said they were average; 17%, lukewarm; and 26%, non practicing.

Although 85% of those questioned said they considered themselves Catholics, only 40% attended Mass regularly on Sundays, and only 51% made their Easter duty. But 73% said they would call a priest in time of trial, and 21% said that they regularly sought the advice of clergy. As many as 91% said they would have their children baptized.

There were various departures from Catholic doctrine among those who said they were Catholics. For example, 32% said that prohibition of divorce is too strict for modern life, while 31% found the condemnation of birth control too harsh. Some 27% said they would not object to their children marrying in a civil ceremony. Only 24% follow the recommendations of the Church in their choice of reading, and only 19% pay any attention to the recommendations of the Church about films and plays.

Some people charge the French with anticlericalism, but only 6% of those questioned were hostile to priests. Only 2% accused the Church of political activity.

The poorer groups showed a greater belief in God than the middle class or the rich, but among the poor was found the largest proportion of nonpracticing Catholics, 35% as compared with 24% of business men, industrialists, and professional men.

Personality By Day or Night

Differences in temperature cause more arguments than differences in temperament

By JACQUELINE BERKE
Condensed from *Everywoman's**



Do you awake in the morning full of bounce and sparkle? Can you turn off the shrieking alarm clock without wanting to smash it to bits? Do you feel cheered by the bright daylight streaming in through the window? Can you actually rise and shine?

If you answer Yes, you are definitely a morning type, a daytime personality. You represent at least half the population. The other half is composed of your opposites, the nightingales. These are the people who never wish to go to bed at night and never can get up in the morning. You probably have noticed vaguely that you prefer the early or late hours. Maybe you automatically put off important jobs or decisions until after dinner, when the children are tucked in for the night and the house is quiet. Or perhaps you deliberately wait until morning to make a decision. Your head is clear then; your spirits and general outlook brighter.

It isn't just habit. Morning and night personalities have been studied in the laboratory. The experiments showed that there's an easy explanation. The key is body temperature. Over a 24-hour period, the temperature of the average person varies anywhere from 1° to 3° F. Your metabolism, the rate at which you convert food into energy, changes with your temperature. Therefore, you're going to feel most peppy when your temperature and metabolism are high, and least energetic when they are low. Naturally, some fall into the middle position, but most persons tend toward one of the two extremes.

Your highs and lows occur about the same time each day. If your temperature rises steadily in the morning and reaches a peak about noon or shortly after, you're a daytime personality. If it rises slowly and doesn't hit a peak until late afternoon, you're a nighttime type.

Once you know, it's a good idea

to respect your natural peaks and make the most of them. If you're a morning type, for example, follow in the footsteps of New Jersey housewife Peggy Anderson. She revised her entire schedule to meet the needs of her temperature cycle. Instead of bathing her baby at the usual 5 A.M. hour, for instance, she moved bath time up to 10:30 A.M.

Walk into her kitchen at noon. You will find her busy with dinner preparations: she's peeling potatoes, cutting vegetables, planning a salad, whipping up dessert. Actually she's getting ready for those anguished hours between 5 and 7 P.M., when every household takes on the look of a three-ring-circus. Those hours are always trying for both the day and night personality; one is reaching her customary low; the other, although she will revive shortly after dinner, has a temporary dip in energy and high spirits.

Don't start percolating *too* early, however. Despite proverbs to the contrary, the very early bird works at a disadvantage. This may come as a shock to day personalities, but you are not at your best right after you wake up. Nobody is. You may feel that you can move mountains at 6 A.M., but restrain yourself a few hours. You'll find the job far less taxing.

But if you have a night personality, how can you make the most of your cycle? The world was not made for night personalities. When they should be wide awake they

feel dull and loggy; when everyone else's energies are flagging, they are in top spirits. Novelist W. Somerset Maugham, a classic night personality, once said, "I am told that it is good for the soul to do two things each day that are unpleasant or distasteful. I always do, I get up in the morning and I go to sleep at night."

Mr. Maugham could solve his problem. As a writer and his own boss, he could work at night. Dr. Leopold-Levi, a French researcher, tells of patients who have done the same. There was the accountant who didn't begin his complicated paper work until 8 or 9 P.M. He'd work right through the night. An electrician in a power plant asked for a permanent night shift. It was a strain on his family life but the only way that he could be happy.

If you're a housewife, you don't have this happy alternative. You can set the breakfast table the night before, put up the coffee, lay out the children's clothes. You can try to assign light chores to the morning hours. But certain responsibilities you can not avoid. You must get up with the alarm clock to see that the children dress, eat, and get off to school. Then, whether you approve or not, the world has awakened and you are expected to be ready for telephone calls, milk deliveries, visiting neighbors. Furthermore, if your husband is a day personality the chances are that you have to make further concessions.

There is no doubt that problems arise when a night and a day personality marry. Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman of the University of Chicago has spent a lifetime studying our sleeping-waking habits, and he has often remarked, "More marriages are broken up by differences in temperature than by differences in temperament." Sociologists back him up. They tell us that most family quarrels occur early in the morning or late at night, also on weekends, when the family is together all day.

Actually, the day and night personality conflict is not very different from any other family problem. The solution isn't different either: compromise. If you are the night personality, you can expect that you will feel depressed every morning. But maybe you'd feel better when the alarm went off if you didn't turn in so late all the time. Nonsense, you say; you can't help yourself. Your husband is a 10-o'clock yawner: by 10:30 he'd like "lights out." You simply aren't sleepy then.

We have news for you. It's a scientific fact that sleepiness is not a prerequisite for sleep. If you're relaxed and willing, you can drop off as easily as the person who can't keep his eyes open.

So that's your big concession: don't wait until you're tired to go to bed. If you have trouble relaxing, try hot milk, a warm bath or soft music to put you in the mood.

It may take weeks, months, for you to adjust to the new routine. But once you have set an hour for going to sleep, stick to it; you will find that your temperature cycle will eventually change so that you will actually want to go to sleep earlier.

This doesn't mean that your day-personality husband won't have to do his share of the compromising. In return for your concession, he may very well agree to move his curfew up to 11 or 11:30.

This is what he should do, or if you are the day personality in the family, what you should do. Don't allow yourself to lapse into lethargy directly after dinner. An evening should be a social time, a time for conversation, hobbies, entertainment. You can relax, but relaxation doesn't require semiconsciousness. If you sink into an armchair at 8 o'clock, the chances are you'll be too groggy even to talk by 8:30.

Dr. Kleitman and a colleague proved that when people were watching a moving picture, reading an exciting novel or engaging in spirited conversation, their temperatures were higher than usual for that particular hour. Activity of almost any kind buoys up both spirits and temperature. So give your night-owl mate a break and make a valiant attempt to keep your temperature up; you'll find that you, too, can show a genuine interest in matters other than sleep.

In the long run you have a two-

fold responsibility: one to the demands of your own personality; the other to the demands of your family. Map out a twofold program. First of all, respect your cycle and make the most of it. Arrange to do your most important work during the hours you are alert and efficient.

Don't carry this side of the program too far, though. Make the most of your cycle up to the point where it interferes with your partner's well-being. From that point on, work together. There is a common, happy meeting ground. The trick is to find it and settle there in peace.



This struck me

In the history of each conversion there is a pattern. The growing number of books in which converts describe their journeys into faith almost invariably show a common process of development. And it is never a matter of learning alone, of intellectual comprehension. Even though the most profound encounters the final wall where thought alone can never lead, there comes the flash of recognition of the lost country. This is faith. The phenomenon has never been better described than by Father John M. Oesterreicher, himself a convert from Judaism, who, in his recent book tells of the seven Jewish philosophers who, in our time, found Christ.*

AS LONG as we view God from where we are, from our own little world, our view bears in it the constant danger of parallax; in faith, however, we see the world and ourselves, to some degree, with the eyes of God. It is this infinite difference between the idea of God, God pondered, considered and discussed, accepted or dismissed, and the living God who enters our lives; between God thought, and God revealing Himself, speaking, being heard, loving, being loved—it is this infinite difference that made Pascal cry out: God is not the God of philosophy but of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. The man who has nothing but a "concept of God" remains distant and unshaken, while the man of faith is set afire by a kiss of grace, engaged, pledged; his whole being gives witness to the divine mystery, knows the joy and pain of truth, for he is at peace and yet anxiously stretches forth to see God face to face. Never is the Christian the product of an inner evolution.

**Walls Are Crumbling*, Devin-Adair, New York, 1952. 393 pp. \$5.

[For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. It will be impossible to return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.—Ed.]

Flamingo Hunt

*Each bird is six feet high, and when 500 rush at you
it's time to duck*

By PAUL A. ZAHL

Condensed from "Flamingo Hunt"*

BY VOCATION I am a research biologist. In 1949 the government of the Bahama Islands asked me to make a study of their vanishing flamingos. Wild flamingo flocks are a natural wonder of the Bahamas, to be preserved at all costs. Years ago, it is said, the flocks were so large that the sky over Andros island was blocked out by clouds of blood-red birds. By 1949 the beautiful flocks had all disappeared from the island.

Why they had gone was fairly clear. Flamingo may not be chicken, but to Andros natives it was. They killed the adult birds, stole the eggs and the young. Airplanes frightened the birds from their nests, and hundreds of eggs were broken.

Where had the flamingos gone? Did they fly out to sea and perish? Or did they hop over to some less

disturbed Caribbean island? What other Caribbean islands have salt lakes and briny mud flats, where flamingos find food and build their mud nests? We had to know all this before we could establish sanctuaries.

I started my search on Inagua, a Bahama island where flamingos had been seen. My plan was to fly zigzag across the island, count the flamingos, and then land at Mathewtown for a ground study.

The lakes and ponds on Inagua were dotted with salty mud flats, just what flamingos like. But where were the flamingos?

Thirty miles east of Mathewtown I found them! They were in the middle of a mile-wide sheet of water, a pink mass of at least 500 birds. The pilot banked and made a wide arc as I counted. Any instant I expected them to fly off.



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Then a strange thing happened. The birds, with wings aflutter, formed a tight flower which began to rotate like a pin wheel. Bordering the revolving blossom was a flourish of white water produced by galloping legs. The flamingos were stampeding, but did not fly. Here was a first-class mystery that invited ground investigation.

In Mathewtown I hired John, supposedly the best flamingo hunter in Inagua. He said he knew where to find millions of birds, millions of young, rookeries, everything. At least, he looked like a competent bushman. He was young and muscular.

We started across the insufferable mud flats. The donkey carrying our 200 pounds of supplies wasn't much larger than a St. Bernard dog. He seemed to sleep while inching along. Once he mired.

At last John signaled toward a foliage wall around a salt lake, and we squish-squashed toward it. I, too, could now hear the bird voices, an intense choir of muted-clarinet quality. An alarmed flamingo makes a rasping honk at breathless intervals. A serene flamingo ahs and coos gently.

The minute I stood on the shore mud I heeled back. Only a stone's throw away an enormous flock of flamingos was feeding and gabbling. Adult flamingos are wild birds with five-foot wingspread and six-foot beak-to-claw span; features and feathers, pale pink

to scarlet; inner wing margins and forebeak, coal black. These flamingos seemed smaller than usual, and their coloring varied from near white to deep pink, but no red. They were standing on stilt-like legs, preening, squabbling, and feeding in the shallows.

First a bird would crane his head high to be sure the coast was clear, then plunge it into the water. This action stirred up the mud. His head and beak, now hidden in the water, were inverted and pointed backward. He was gulping mud for the mollusks and bacterial organisms it contains.

The flamingo, like a duck or goose, has a washboard grill on his inner beak surfaces. When he takes a mouthful of mud and shakes his head under water, the silt is sieved through the grill. Then the bird swallows the larger particles.

I crawled ahead. Suddenly, and in complete concert, all necks and heads extended high, imperious, alert. The birds held still, like a company of pink-attired West Pointers.

I expected them to start sheeting into the air. Instead, a thousand cadets closed ranks, moving shoulder against shoulder, and began to slide away. By watching hard I could make out the churning leg action. The pinkness moved down toward the far end of the blue-green lake. Why this withdrawal in place of the usual flight? Then

it dawned on me: these birds couldn't fly. They were preflighters, adolescents, like those I had seen from the plane going around in flowerlike circles.

By the time we made camp, our flock was back where it started from. Save for their low-toned conversation, the lake was the essence of evening serenity. Suddenly I found abundant compensation for my trek.

The pressure of the air seemed to change, and a great sound of swishing, like straw being pitchforked, beat down from above. I looked up to see a sight out of *Paradise Lost*. The angels of hell were sweeping over, no more than 15 feet above our heads: at first only a few birds, then a solid canopy of red velvet.

Down into the lake they poured, their snaky necks almost straight ahead, their legs out behind. Soon at least 500 stood between us and the imperturbed adolescents. They were obviously adults, huge, powerful, authoritative. Those landing in the shaded sector of the lake were dusky red; those in the dwindling sun, shocking red.

For a long time that night I lay gathering strange sounds that floated in over the water, squawkings, murmurings, cooings, honks, snarls. Sometimes a long lonely intonation would solo forth. Or I might hear what seemed like choirs on the move, groups shifting from one feeding position to another. Some-

times I'd recognize that peculiar pressure again, and again that curious swishing. Incoming or departing contingents were sweeping past or over.

In the morning, John and I set out for the rookery he had promised. I wanted to band at least 1,000 chicks.

If any of the natives caught the grown birds, they might, in hopes of reward, send the bands to the proper authorities. These bands, coming from various islands, might give us clues for mapping migrations.

If John and I found his rookery, the chicks should be sitting on slate-gray nests. Each nest would be the size of a nail keg, projecting wartlike from a tide-washed bar. The parents build these mounds by scooping mouthful after mouthful of mud from underfoot.

At the nesting season they waste no time in preening or play, and complete a 12-inch-high mound in a few hours. Courtship and mating have occurred elsewhere. Within a day a handsome white egg is laid on each mound. The mates, with legs jackknifed under their bodies and webbed feet protectively close to the egg, take turns brooding on the mound.

A month later the baby breaks from his shell. In the nest depression he sits on his "ankle" joints, with feet projecting helplessly ahead. His soft fluffy down is gray to white. His eyes are gentle and

black, his beak like a little piece of pink ivory.

The clumsy head of the towering parent bird nudges and tends him. He edges his tiny beak between his parent's. A clear saliva-like fluid, probably supplying sweet water and food, passes from the huge mouth into the small one. After the first meal the baby begs, and tries to force open the parent's mandibles.

Before many hours the chick waddles from his mound. He joins others his own age where the lake water overlaps the flats. With the skill of a duck he plays and swims, gulps mouthfuls of mud, flaps his armlike wing structures.

Once flamingo young have crawled off the mounds, recognition between parent and child is lost. A pair of adults do not care what chick returns to the mound, just so it is a flamingo. Instinct always leads the parents back to their own mound, but fails to identify their baby.

Two weeks after hatching, the young flamingos band together. Each day the youngster community ventures farther into the lake for feeding. When the adult and young flocks are separate, reproduction of a new generation is complete.

But finding a rookery at hatching time was not going to be easy. John actually did know where the nests were, but when we got there, he faced me with an uncertain

look and pointed. It was a vast field of mounds all right, but one long abandoned.

Our only hope lay in trying to band the young birds, our herd of pinksters. They were really too big for banding, but if we could drive them into a bay, John said we could catch enough. He and I separated and waded down the lake, parallel, 100 yards apart. I carried a pair of pliers and a small camera; John had a ball of cord and a necklace of bird bands.

The flock retreated before us as far as it could, hard against the edge of the lake, and then turned into a bay. All heads were high out of the water, and from each periscope glinted a pair of fierce, frightened eyes.

I had thought that John would drive the herd into the bay's V and there fence them in with the cord. Then we could catch them singly for banding and release. But when John explained, I realized he was up to an old flamingo hunter's trick. Two or more men corner the preflight waders, then, with each man holding the end of a cord, force the birds to stampede across it. The birds rush blindly through the space between the two men, who pull the cord taut and begin sweeping it powerfully forward. Two good huntsmen can break the legs of dozens of flamingos and stun as many more within a few seconds.

This plan is cruelly unsuited to

a bird-banding mission. I told John to forget about the banding. He gave me a puzzled look, but I insisted that we were going in closer with only a camera. Even so, just as I got the camera to my eye, the flamingos stamped.

They came at us like the front of a tidal wave: heads down, necks stretched out in front, wings beating wildly. To be trampled underfoot by birds seems a silly thing. But these thousand wild creatures were nearly as tall as a man and as dense as a solid wall.

Wings beat down on my head and face, flamingo eyes and mouths came inches near my own, necks speared past. The first impact knocked me over. I turned my back on the birds and crouched with head low. On they came, webbed feet stamping up over my back, water splashing up into my face. Out of the corner of my eye I could see only a speeding forest of pink bamboo.

Afterwards I looked for John. He too had stooped and turned his back to the flood, but he had worked. He had grabbed one bird after another by neck or legs or even wings. Now he stood there

with a grin on his face and with nine flamingos somehow stuck to him. He held the necks of three in each hand, had another couple tucked under his arms, was holding one between his legs. They were quiet, beaten, subdued.

Several of the birds whose necks he was gripping seemed dead. I repeated that there would be no banding. He dropped his load. Six of the nine came to and galloped off. Three slumped into the water, stunned or half-choked. They were still breathing.

John stood awkwardly by. His fine banding plan had been vetoed, and he was wondering why. I told him to untie his aluminum necklace and remove three bands. Then I reached into my wet pocket and handed him the pliers. John's gloom evaporated. When we had banded the three birds, we watched them lope across the lake after the main flock. With each lope we could see the sparkle of something shiny.

Three banded birds can have no scientific significance. But should you ever run across a flamingo wearing an ankle bracelet, I'd certainly like to know.

That Settled That

JIM THORPE, whose fame as a fine referee vied with his skill as an athlete, once removed a player for cursing.

"What rule did I violate?" the player demanded heatedly.

Thorpe's reply was classic. "The 2nd Commandment." There was no further protest.

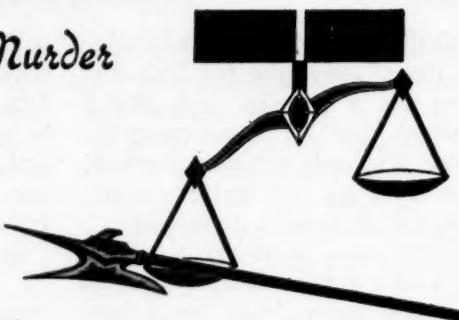
Your Life (Dec. '52).

Government by Murder

*Death is the penalty for a
Politburo mistake*

By
EDMUND DEMAIRE

Condensed from the
*United Nations World**



THE 19th congress of the Communist party of the Soviet Union met on Oct. 5, 1952, and dissolved the most powerful organization in history, the Politburo. They turned its authority over to the presidium of the supreme council of the Soviet Communist party. Why this was done, no one knows. Perhaps to prevent the Politburo from regaining full power after Stalin's death and from challenging Stalin's successor.

At any rate, a fascinating episode in history is over. The magnitude of power held by the 27 men who have been, at one time or another, Politburo members is stupendous. The Politburo decided how many submarines should be built for the Red fleet and what kind of garments women should wear; where the new industrial *Kombinats* should be built and which Wagner operas should be dropped from the repertory of the Moscow Opera house; who the new Soviet ambassador to England should be and which part of the Moslem marriage

ritual should be abandoned. The Politburo debated intervention in the Spanish Civil war, the nonaggression pact with Nazi Germany, the dissolution of the Comintern, and the launching of the cold war. It also approved directives for reforming Soviet biology, decided that the inhabitants of the Soviet orbit should become known as the "gay Soviet men," and began the campaign to re-educate clowns performing in Soviet circuses. General Frunze, one of the founders of the Red army and a key figure in Kremlin palace politics, became ill and refused to undergo an operation; it was again the Politburo which decided whether Frunze was to be operated on or not. After lengthy debates the Politburo decided Yes: Frunze was operated on, and died.

One of the strangest aspects of the Politburo's grim history is that its founders did not intend to turn it into the all-powerful organization it became. When the Politburo was established in 1917 it was clear-

*319 E. 44th St., New York City 17. November, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by *UN World, Inc.*, 418 W. 25th St., New York City.

ly understood that its role would be consultative only. Although the Soviet Constitution did not acknowledge its existence, the power of the Politburo increased steadily. In 1925, Stalin, using the logic peculiar to communists, declared, "The Politburo is the highest organ, not of the state, but of the party, and the party is the highest directing force of the state."

The Politburo became the scene of one of the great breath-taking dramas of history: Stalin versus Trotsky, Bukharin, Zinoviev, Kamenev, and their followers. The plot: a struggle for power, and for still more power, by fanatical, ruthless, dedicated, scheming, possessed, and merciless men. The action: the cautious, calculating, Oriental shrewdness of a doggedly tenacious Georgian pitched against the sophisticated brilliance and corrosive wit of Trotsky and Bukharin. The drama came to an end with purges, fake trials, self-incriminating confessions, executions at dawn, kidnapings on Paris boulevards, and, finally, a few well-directed blows crushing Trotsky's skull in Mexico City. The Politburo could, from then on, quietly resume its deliberations: only Stalin and his supporters remained.

It is generally supposed that the Politburo has had 27 members since its foundation. The exact number is not known, so secret is all information about it.

Of the 27 we know of, two were

And Then There Were 12

(The Politburo, 1917-1952)

| Member | Accession | Departure |
|--------------|-----------|---------------|
| Lenin | 1917 | Died 1924 |
| Stalin | 1917 | |
| Sverdlov | 1917 | Died 1919 |
| Trotsky | 1917 | Murdered 1940 |
| Bukharin | 1918 | Executed 1938 |
| Kamenev | 1919 | Executed 1936 |
| Krestinsky | 1919 | Executed 1938 |
| Rykov | 1919 | Executed 1938 |
| Tomsky | 1919 | Suicide 1936 |
| Molotov | 1925 | |
| Voroshilov | 1925 | |
| Kalinin | 1926 | Died 1946 |
| Kuibyshev | 1927 | Died 1935 |
| Rudzutak | 1927 | Missing 1938 |
| Kaganovitch | 1930 | |
| Kirov | 1930 | Murdered 1934 |
| Kossior | 1930 | Missing 1938 |
| Ordjonikidze | 1930 | Died 1937 |
| Andreyev | 1932 | |
| Chubar | 1935 | Missing 1938 |
| Mikoyan | 1935 | |
| Zhdanov | 1939 | Died 1948 |
| Kruschev | 1939 | |
| Beria | 1946 | |
| Malenkov | 1946 | |
| Vozhnesensky | 1947 | Ousted 1947 |
| Shvernik | 1947 | |
| Kosygin | 1947 | |
| Bulganin | 1947 | |

murdered. The first was Trotsky. The other murdered member was Sergei Kirov, shot by a young communist, Nikolayev, whose wife he had allegedly seduced. However, the circumstances surrounding Ki-

rov's murder were as obscure as those of Trotsky's. Within an hour of Kirov's murder, the Kremlin issued a decree ordering that Nikolayev should be tried secretly, and that the right of defense and appeal should be denied him as well as his accomplices. Nikolayev was tried in secret, condemned, and executed. At the same time, Soviet propaganda suddenly dropped the jealous-husband angle and revealed that Nikolayev and his friends had been closely connected with Zinoviev and the anti-Stalin opposition in the Politburo. It was on the basis of Nikolayev's alleged confession that the Kremlin launched the first great purge of the 1930's. Tens of thousands were executed and greater numbers deported to the infamous labor camps of Arctic Siberia.

At least six, probably nine, and possibly even more Politburo members disappeared in the bloody purges that followed Kirov's assassination. The first Politburo heads to roll were those of Zinoviev and Kamenev. Both belonged to the so-called Old Guard of the party and had shared with Stalin the honor of having been members of the first Politburo. They were followed on the gallows by three once all-powerful Politburo members: Bukharin, Krestinsky, and Rykov. To escape the ignominy of self-incriminating public confessions, another member, Mikhail Tomsky, chief of the Soviet trade unions, committed suicide.

In 1938, three Politburo members disappeared without a trace. During the years that followed the purges, foreign correspondents in Russia spent considerable time and energy in trying to find out what happened to these men. They had not been tried, not publicly at least; their arrests had not been reported; the Soviet press never mentioned them. Probably they were executed and, for reasons of its own, the Kremlin preferred not to give them a public trial. One of the suppositions is that Rudzutak, Chubar, and Kossior refused to indulge in the self-incriminating "confessions" which had lent such a grotesquely tragic flavor to the trials of their colleagues in the Politburo.

Mystery surrounds even the natural deaths of all Politburo members. Six members have reportedly died of various diseases. However, the circumstances in which three of the six died suggested that their deaths might have resulted from other than pathological causes. Ordjonikidze, who died suddenly in 1937, was known to have opposed Stalin's policies in the Politburo. He died shortly before the second great wave of purges started. Another Politburo member, Valerian Kuibyshev, died in 1935, at the age of 47, reportedly of a heart disease. In the course of the 1938 trials, two doctors who treated Kuibyshev confessed to having "medically murdered" their patient by administering harmful drugs to him.

Still another member of the Politburo, Andrei Zhdanov, died of heart disease at a relatively early age. The funeral was hardly over when the Kremlin removed all of Zhdanov's friends from the positions they occupied either in the party or in the administration. The Zhdanov group that had been so mercilessly purged included men of the stature of Popov and Vozhnesensky. At 44, Vozhnesensky was the youngest man who ever occupied a seat in the Politburo. He was also the only member ever to

be ousted without being subsequently exiled, tried, or murdered.

After the death of Zhdanov and the subsequent ousting of Vozhnesensky, the Politburo retreated more and more to the background of Soviet politics. The once all-powerful organization, which only a few decades ago had been sufficiently strong to oppose the views or modify the decisions of men like Lenin, Trotsky, and Stalin, had gradually become a gathering of Yes men who eagerly approved each and every decision of Stalin.

Hearts Are Trumps

IT WAS in the middle of the depression and \$25 was a great deal of money. Aunt Maude and Uncle Will did not have it; yet this was the amount they had to have to apply on the mortgage on their home.

Uncle Will worried about it. He was only working one day a week. Aunt Maude smiled at him and said, "Don't worry, Will, I know everything will be all right. Just trust." But homes were being foreclosed all around them, so Aunt Maude got down on her knees and prayed.

And then their nephew in New York sent a letter. He had never sent them money before but this time he enclosed a check for \$25. Aunt Maude was not the least bit surprised when she saw the check; she had prayed and Uncle Will had trusted.

The letter said, "I am sure that you will be able to find a use for this. It is a little thank-you for a Christmas I will never forget. I was five years old and mother and dad were having a pretty hard time making ends meet. There was one little present under the tree for me, a pair of red sox my mother had knitted. I know Uncle Will's salary was very small then, and you had five little girls to buy presents for, yet you managed to put under the tree another package: a pair of overalls just like my dad's, some shiny, new pennies, a bright red rubber ball, suspenders, and a bag of marbles. Thank you."

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Martin Durkin: *Labor Diplomat*

His character, experience, and natural ability fit him for his post in the new President's cabinet

By ROBERT J. LEWIS

A SOFT-SPOKEN nonsmoker and nondrinker who goes to Mass and Communion every day offers new hope for peace and unity on the labor front in the difficult years ahead. He is Secretary of Labor Martin P. Durkin, the only Catholic in Dwight Eisenhower's cabinet.

As Ike's labor lieutenant, he brings to his job innate diplomacy, great capacity for work, and an unexcelled record as a labor-management harmonizer.

He missed being born on St. Patrick's day by just seven hours. But that didn't dismay his Irish immigrant parents. They gave him Patrick as a middle name just the same. Making the best of any difficulty ever since has been Martin Durkin's speciality.

To help support his family, he was forced to quit school at 14.

Yet he rose from steamfitter's helper to leadership of a great international labor union.

He lived his entire boyhood in the grim shadow of Chicago's stockyard slums. Yet that was no handicap to serving in high office under three Illinois governors.

He is a lifelong Democrat. He supported Adlai Stevenson for President. Nevertheless he was chosen by Republican President Eisenhower as the only Democrat in the cabinet.

He is the 14th Catholic to hold cabinet office in the nation's history.

In the labor movement, rough and loud men often reach the top. Blue-eyed Marty Durkin is famous for his almost shy courtesy and his quiet voice. He has chalked up his greatest accomplishments in the field of labor-management understanding. His black hair is streaked



Chase Studios Photo

with gray, yet he appears ten years younger than his actual age of 59.

In spite of a lifetime spent in causes and public service, his devotion to his wife and family is deep and affectionate. During the 2nd World War he had an opportunity to visit Orly air field, just outside Paris, where his son, Bill, was stationed as a sergeant.

Learning that Bill was off duty and had started to hike into Paris, he kept his eye peeled as he drove along the road, on the chance that he might meet him.

Sure enough, after a few minutes, he spied a GI trudging ahead. Turning to an officer companion, he said, "That's my boy, Bud!" To make the surprise more complete, the officer said he would do the talking.

Putting on the brakes, the officer beckoned, and Bill Durkin saluted. "Are you going to town, son?" he asked.

"Yessir."

"Want a ride?"

"Yessir," said Bill, seeming surprised.

"Well, hop in!"

As he started to climb into the closed car, Bill Durkin's mouth fell open.

"Why, *Dad*," he managed to say. "What are you doing here?"

The answer was, of course, that Martin Durkin's eyes were hungry for the sight of his son, said Mrs. Durkin, who told the story.

Another son, Martin, was wound-

ed at Iwo Jima. He was in the Marines. A third son, Jack, was a youngster during the war. Now 19, he hopes to join the Trappists next September. The elder sons are married and each has a small son and daughter.

What brought Martin Durkin to Europe during the 2nd World War was an invitation from the War department to visit liberated nazi concentration camps. He visited Buchenwald and other camps where Hitler's followers perpetrated infamous horrors against humanity.

The naked brutality of nazi excesses made a lasting impression upon Martin Durkin, his friends say, strengthening his early conviction that extremes of left and right lead ultimately to grief for the mass of the people.

His belief in a "middle way" he put to fruitful use as head of the International Plumbers' and Pipefitters' union. For nine years, before accepting the cabinet appointment, he headed that well-seasoned union of 225,000 members.

Labor peace in the plumbing industry is the rule, not the exception. Part of the credit belongs to the long-established tradition of mutual respect between employer and employee. Much of it, however, is due to Durkin's personality and policies.

"We just never had to get mad at each other in settlement of an issue," said O. F. Erickson, na-

tional executive secretary of the Master Plumbers association, an employer group. "In my experience, Marty Durkin never got rough, no matter how bitter our differences potentially could have been. He was never dogmatic, never seemed to be outwardly disturbed. Yet he could be plenty firm."

The way Durkin met a denunciation of his appointment from Senator Taft was typical of his innate diplomacy and humility.

The Ohio senator was incensed that President Eisenhower had chosen for the labor post a Democrat who believed the Taft-Hartley act should be changed. He called the appointment "incredible." Yet he carefully pointed out that his criticism was not intended to reflect upon Durkin personally or upon his ability.

A lesser man than Durkin might have considered the criticism a personal affront. Instead, he very courteously offered to discuss with the senator a plan to have him meet with some AFL and CIO representatives. He wanted to see whether differences over the labor law could not be ironed out; also he wanted to show Taft that he was not angry.

Martin Durkin makes friends easily, but he is no backslapper. His associates say he is gentle; never seems to become angry; has an almost old-fashioned courtesy; is infinitely patient; and takes great pains to avoid hurting anyone's

feelings. He has never been heard to tell an off-color story.

His formal education stopped with the elementary grades, except for night-school vocational study. Yet his speech and actions are those of a serious-minded thinker and scholar. (He concedes that reading is his main relaxation.) His entire career has been in the labor field, yet he has a firm grasp of national and international issues.

In the tempestuous labor-industry field, he has gained a widespread reputation among employers and workers alike for fairness, and for his ability to conciliate.

Modest, unassuming and deeply religious, he has made a practice of attending Mass every day for more than 20 years. "I decided to attend church daily after making my first retreat with the Franciscan Fathers," he tells you simply. "I know it has played a big part in my life."

This man who will be Dwight D. Eisenhower's ambassador to labor was born in Chicago on March 18, 1894, on 36th St., near Gage. He was the first of eight children, four boys and four girls. His father, James Joseph Durkin, born outside Tubbercurry, County Sligo, was an active member of the Stationary Firemen's union in Chicago. His mother, the former Mary Catherine Higgins, was born in French Park, County Roscommon.

Being the eldest son, Marty

learned early what responsibility meant. At 13, before finishing at Visitation parish school, he worked in a department store during one summer, earning \$4 for a 54-hour week. "If you worked overtime, they bought your dinner," he tells you, wryly.

A year later, at 14, he graduated from Visitation school, and went right to work, full-time. At 17, he became a steamfitter's helper. After a six-year apprenticeship, he received his union card as a full-fledged journeyman steamfitter. During this time, and for years later, his earnings helped his parents make ends meet.

"I decided to learn steamfitting because I liked outdoor work," he recalls. "I liked the trade and I could earn more than at some other jobs. And every bit came in handy at home."

As a youngster, Durkin liked to play baseball, football, handball, and other sports. He was vigorous and a natural leader. In his union, he was well liked, serious, and filled with ambition. When an unexpected opportunity arose for him to become business agent of the steamfitters' big Local 597, he took the job. That was in 1921, a couple of years after he came back from France after enlisting in the army. He was 27 years old and living at home.

A few months later he married Miss Anna H. McNicholas. She was a Chicago girl whose parents,

like Martin's, were both born in Ireland. Four years ago, when Marty was a delegate to an ILO conference at Geneva, he and his wife stopped in Ireland and visited Mrs. Durkin's uncle, Anthony McNicholas, now 98 and still hearty, at Balla, County Mayo.

After the ILO sessions, the Durkins and the family of another delegate, William L. McFetridge of Chicago, visited Rome, and were granted a private audience with Pope Pius XII.

As business agent of Local 597, now the largest steamfitters' local in the country, with 9,000 members, Durkin earned a reputation as an incorruptible leader. He inspired confidence and he had a flair for reaching agreements that left neither side feeling embittered.

When Henry Horner was elected Democratic governor of Illinois, he chose Durkin to head the state's labor department. Marty kept that job more than eight years, serving until Horner's death, in the latter part of a second term; then under Lieutenant Governor Stelle, and for about eight months under Gov. Dwight Green, a Republican.

As Illinois director of labor, Durkin instituted many reforms, including a crackdown against racketeering private-employment agencies which were mulcting the jobless.

He put the State Employment service on a civil-service footing; started training programs for state

workers; improved the factory-inspection service; and pioneered an industrial-hygiene program to cut down occupational diseases.

He saw to it that factories were given proper inspection to improve working conditions and reduce safety hazards. He set up a conciliation and mediation service that did much to take the sting out of many labor disputes, and in other ways revitalized the state agency.

In this work in Illinois, Durkin was establishing, though no one could foresee it at the time, the reputation that made him a logical choice for the nation's top labor post. He also made his first contact with many of the government programs and activities with which he must now deal as secretary of labor.

A few months after he left the Illinois post, Durkin was elected secretary-treasurer of the International Plumbers' and Pipefitters' union. Then, in 1943, he was elected the union's President, a job he held until his appointment by President Eisenhower.

As head of the union, Durkin gained a wide reputation in his industry, and in the higher AFL echelons, for successful leadership, diplomacy, and labor statesmanship. When he took over, the union had 100,000 members; today, with 225,000 members, it shows a gain of 125% in nine years.

Quietly but firmly, Durkin helped to streamline his union, working

always with the goal of labor-management harmony foremost as offering the best source of benefits for his members. For years, jurisdictional disputes within unions and between competing unions have been costly to both workers and employers alike. Both as union leader and civil servant, Martin Durkin has sought to minimize such friction.

Five years ago, for example, his union's laws were changed to banish artificial "jurisdictional" differences between plumbers and steamfitters. Under the old practice, union rules sharply defined certain tasks as for plumbers only, others for steamfitters.

Today, members of either craft can work interchangeably on whatever work needs to be done, as long as the employer agrees that the men are capable of handling the work. Jurisdictional fussing in this and other ways is kept at a minimum.

In another step forward, the union two years ago adopted a plan for a Joint Labor Relations council as a means of arbitrating disputes anywhere in the nation within the industry. Under this plan, knotty wage, overtime, and other flare-ups can be settled by arbitration without costly work stoppages.

There is nothing compulsory about it, though, explains Durkin, for before the machinery can begin to operate, both sides must have voluntarily agreed to refer the dis-

pute for settlement and abide by the results. By just being available, the arbitration plan has encouraged peaceful settlements. When its machinery is used, work goes on pending a decision, with a saving of lost time for both worker and employer.

After office hours, Durkin likes to relax at home: sometimes with a book or report; sometimes with friends for a social evening; more often with his family alone. He has no real hobby except his work. "We used to go to the movies and the theater fairly often," Mrs. Durkin says. "But now we're both television fans."

Their eldest son, Martin B. Durkin, 30, is married to the former Dorothy Ryan. She is a daughter of the late William Ryan, a Washington stoker contractor. William J. Durkin, 29, the second son, is married to the former June Redmond, the daughter of John P. Redmond, president of the AFL International Association of Fire Fighters. John F. Durkin, 19, youngest of the family, is a preparatory-school student. He lives at home. Both the elder sons are steamfitters in Washington, following their father's trade.

Secretary Durkin's only surviving sister is a member of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Victory. Sister Bernarda is now stationed at a mission in Santa Paula, Calif., teaching religion mostly among Mexican children.

Two living brothers, James Joseph Durkin and John Francis Durkin, are steamfitters in Chicago. The father was killed about 15 years ago in an automobile accident in Chicago, and the mother died there 11 years ago.

As union president, Durkin spent much time away from his Washington, D. C., home every year, visiting his 740 union locals or attending meetings. He almost always traveled by plane to avoid long train trips that would interfere with his habit of daily church attendance. In Washington, the Durkins attend Blessed Sacrament church. The new appointee is a member of the Holy Name society and of Leo XIII Council 805, Knights of Columbus. For some time he has served as vice-president of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems.

On the job, Durkin is a steady worker, never hurried but willing to do a prodigious amount of work day after day, his associates say. He is a stickler for keeping appointments, and likes people to be on time when they see him.

In his last days before assuming his cabinet-briefing responsibilities for the "transition period," he was faced with settling hundreds of last-minute details as union president. Yet his paneled office on the 5th floor of the Ring building in Washington was calm and relaxed, except for the frequent buzzing of the telephone.

In his cabinet job, Durkin will administer important laws which set wage and labor standards on government contract work: the Wage-Hour act, and other legislation affecting labor and business practices. Important bureaus include Labor Statistics, Labor Standards, Apprenticeship, Women's bureau, and U. S. Employment service, with offices all over the country.

In the months ahead, Durkin is bound to face many knotty problems as the nation pushes its defense preparations. Labor peace and unity will be two of his goals.

As Ike's lieutenant on the labor front, he will come equipped with an understanding of working-men's hopes and fears. His lifetime has been devoted to improving understanding between employer and employee. Durkin has a deeply shared faith in the Church's position acknowledging the right of workers to organize. His appointment was widely and sincerely acclaimed.

Said one prominent labor leader, "Given the proper cooperation, Martin Durkin could become the best secretary of labor in our nation's history."

Calculating Pope

Pope Sylvester II, who reigned as Supreme Pontiff from 999 to 1003, was a mathematical genius. Generally known by his family name of Gerbert, it was he who introduced the use of Arabic numerals and the decimal system into Europe. These vastly simplified the problems of mathematical calculations which up to that time had been performed solely by the use of Roman numerals. (And if you don't think that was a job, try multiplying LCVIII by XCV.) Gerbert believed that with the decimal system a mechanically operated calculating machine could be made to operate. Accordingly he tried to invent one, and became the first man in history who tried to build a mechanical adding machine. He did not succeed, but his efforts paved the way for the modern business machines that add, subtract, divide and multiply.

Art Bromirski.

Cusercoli's Contraband

In the little Italian village of Cusercoli, nobody goes to church. The 3,000 villagers are almost all communists. But strangely enough, these people make their living through an industry that was established by the parish priest some 50 years ago. They make rosaries.

The "rosary ace" of Cusercoli, the one who makes the best rosaries, is the head communist in the village. We wonder if he knows that he is making weapons for his enemy.

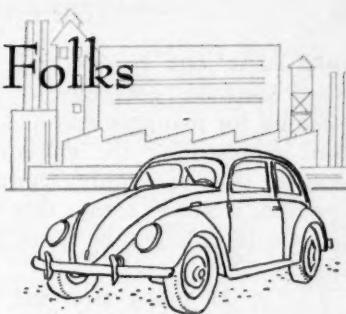
Perpetual Help (Nov. '52).

Volkswagen for the Folks

Free Germans deliver the car promised by Hitler

By EDWIN HARTRICH

Condensed from the
*Wall Street Journal**



HITLER'S *Volkswagen*, the people's car, is finally being mass-produced, not only for the solid burghers who thought they would get it back in the 30's, but for the world market.

This year, 135,000 of the streamlined little four-seaters will roll off the assembly lines of an almost constantly expanding plant in Wolfsburg, Germany. About 45,000 of them are being shipped abroad. Last November, the first 150 of them landed in Canada, and more are headed that way. U.S. imports were below 1,000 in 1951, but agents for Volkswagen say that Americans bought about 1,500 of the cars in 1952, and the current rate of sale is 300 monthly. (Retail price, New York City, \$1,455.)

It was in 1938 that Hitler announced his program for a cheap car in every garage of the Reich. The job was turned over to the nazi labor front. Germans by the thousands responded to an invitation to make down payments in advance; they wanted priorities on

delivery. The \$110 million collected was spent to build a factory.

But not one of the credulous investors received delivery of a car. Shortly after the Wolfsburg plant was built, the 2nd World War was launched by their *Fuehrer*, and production was shifted to a jeep-type military vehicle and V-2 rocket machinery.

Then came the Allied bombing planes; when they were finished and Hitler had vanished, the Volkswagen works stood in ruins, 60% destroyed. The British took over the remnants as a repair shop for their army trucks.

But today the Volkswagen factory looks like something you wouldn't expect to find outside Detroit. Its plant, not only rebuilt but expanded to enormous size, has three-quarters of a mile of frontage.

It is quite unlike Detroit auto factories in one respect, however. Nobody is sure who owns it. A long court fight is scheduled to settle this question. For the present, its board of directors is split into

three parts, one representing the West German government, one speaking for management, and the third representing the employees. Despite this seemingly confused direction, it moves along; this year its gross income will be about \$150 million.

Things got going after the war almost by spontaneous combustion. Without asking permission of the British occupation authorities, a handful of workers and engineers re-assembled some of the auto machinery in a far corner of the plant and produced the first two Volkswagens.

The surprised British officials told the Germans to go ahead and get into production. The first cars were taken by the British army. In the first year, only 713 cars were put together; when it rained, all work stopped because the plant had no roof. Production remained chaotic until Heinz Nordhoff was appointed general manager by the British in 1948; he had once been in charge of the Opel truck factory, subsidiary of General Motors.

Herr Nordhoff had frequently studied American production methods in Detroit. As he was starting from scratch, he had no European tradition to buck. Besides using American production tactics, he had to invent some tricks of his own. For instance, both steel and coal were so scarce that to operate he traded cars for material to make more cars.

When the worthless *Reichsmark* was replaced by the solid new *Deutschmark*, he found it impossible to meet his first payroll. "So I called in my dealers for help," Herr Nordhoff recalls. "They came to Wolfsburg carrying all the cash they could raise. It got us over the hump."

His manufacturing thesis is, "Keep it simple and easy to produce, and then improve on it."

There has never been a strike at the Wolfsburg plant. Wages are high, 5% above those of other auto makers in Germany. Pensions are provided. Employees are given easy financial help to buy houses, and more than 2,000 workers live in quarters built by the company. The company has even built two churches, one Protestant, the other Catholic. "And that's something Hitler never planned," comments Frank Novotany, a member of the management board.

Herr Nordhoff himself lives in a small detached house in the midst of others occupied by laborers and white-collar workers, and the rest of the executives follow suit.

Perhaps, largely as a result of this kind of labor relations policy, the original Socialist town administration of Wolfsburg has been voted out of office in favor of the conservative Christian Democrats. In recent local elections, the communists got only 500 votes.

The old promises given by Hitler still hang over the company's head.

The thousands of Germans who paid in advance for the people's car which he pledged them are attempting, in a court battle, either to get their money back or win new autos.

But the outcome of the suit is not likely to upset either the present management or future operations of the plant. A substantial, though undisclosed, sum has been deposited in escrow each year out of Volkswagen profits. This will help meet claims of the original investors if they win their case.

In the course of this legal fight, the court will probably rule wheth-

er the plant rightfully belongs to the German government (as the nazi regime's heir) or the men who built the present factory from the ruins of the old one.

In finally realizing, under a democracy, the promise of a low-priced car, Herr Nordhoff has provided plenty of political ammunition not only against naziism but also against communism. For the Red commissars on the other side of the Iron Curtain, just seven miles away from Wolfsburg, have nothing in their state-controlled industry to compare with Volkswagen.



No Menace, No Money

MARGUERITE HIGGINS, well-known foreign correspondent, reports a joke currently going the rounds in Spain. It was told her by Generalissimo Franco. It concerns a mythical conversation between a mythical American ambassador and Spain's ruler.

Franco: "My country is of great strategic importance but to be an effective ally we could certainly stand some of that military and economic assistance your country is giving out."

"Hmmmm," says the American ambassador. "Now let me see. Just how many communists do you have in Spain?"

"Why, we have absolutely none," says the surprised Generalissimo. "Communism has been outlawed here for years."

"No communists!" says the equally surprised ambassador. "Well, if you don't have any communist menace here, I really wouldn't expect too much help from us."

The story ends with Franco wiring urgently to Italy in an attempt to import enough communists to justify American aid. Italy refuses on the ground that they need communists themselves.

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| | Times Late |
| | Days Absent |



Walsingham Academy

SISTERS OF MERCY
WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

Music Report of

| | Position | Rhythm | Fingering | Accuracy | Scales | Phrasing |
|-------------|----------|--------|-----------|----------|--------|----------|
| 1st Quarter | | | | | | |
| 2nd Quarter | A A | B+ | A B+ | B+ | | |
| 3rd Quarter | A A | A | A | B+ | B+ | |
| Final | A A | A A | A A | - | B+ | |

Patsy Li Comes To America

By FREDERIC P. GEHRING, C.M.

The waif of Guadalcanal is in a U.S. high school, and plans to become a doctor

AT AN ACADEMY in Virginia a girl has just celebrated her 17th birthday. She is pretty, and loves to paint and to play piano. Her school grades are excellent and she has a host of good friends.

An average American girl? Well, she's becoming one. But ten years ago she was so badly beaten by the Japanese on Guadalcanal that they left her for dead on a road. The deep scar made by a bayonet on her head is hidden now by her hair, and the saber cuts on her arms and legs are just beginning to disappear.

The story of Patsy Li was told often during the war by the thousands of Marines who were on the scene when the story began. In a way, this is a report to those Marines. They made the story possible, and Patsy Li wants them to know that she is keeping faith with them.

It all began on Guadalcanal in 1942, when the U. S. Marines and God got together to make it pos-

Count those 35 "A's" and 12 "B's." Small wonder this teenster smiles about her report card.

sible for a little girl to grow up. This is the 10th anniversary of a story that brings back grim memories for all of us who spent weary months on the island.

If I close my eyes I can still feel the terrific heat and mud and fearful tension of those days pressing in on me. I remember the days of bombings by Japanese aircraft and the nights of shelling by their warships.

I was chaplain with our boys on Guadalcanal. They were the most wonderful men I've ever known. They were dirty and rough, hard-fighting men. They were men who never knew what moment would be their last, and they had to make every moment count. But to Patsy Li those men were gentler than the mother of a newborn babe.

One particularly rough night in a calm between shellings, three Melanesian natives came out of the night and stood outside my chapel tent. They were holding the broken body of a little Chinese girl of five or six. Their entire village had been massacred by the Japanese,



On Espiritu Santo in the New Hebrides Islands
Chaplain Frederic P. Gehring, C. M., hands Patsy Li to a French missionary for safe keeping.

they told me, and they had just managed to escape.

They had found the child on the road, after the Japanese had left her for dead; and had brought her to the Marines knowing that we would help. She was bleeding from bayonet wounds and there was a deep gash on her head, made apparently by the butt of a rifle.

Our navy doctor did what he could for her, but he shook his head when I asked about her chances. I commended her to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and we started an all-night vigil by her bedside.

She had rallied by morning and we began to have hope. But hers was a fight against tremendous odds, and they seemed to grow worse as the days went by. Each time the enemy attacked we picked her up and made a wild dash for a foxhole. We would crouch there for hours in the dampness and slime, waiting for dawn.

She survived. And the Marines

February

who took turns protecting her grew to love their *Pao-pai*, which means Little Pet in Chinese. I've always believed that they saw in her hold on life a hope for an end to the hell we were in. Keeping her alive had become something they had dedicated themselves to.

One night in a foxhole a big Marine named O'Sullivan muttered to me, "She oughta have a name, padre. What'll we name her?"

We thought it over, and I suggested my own Chinese name, Li. And we all voted for Patsy. Patsy Li, our Little White Plum Blossom, was soon the belle of Guadalcanal. Bearded Marines, looking more like savages than men, would trudge into the padre's tent from all over the island to see the little Chinese girl and give her fruit and candy. She didn't speak any English, but there was no need for it. The bond between the little girl and the tough fighting men was wonderful to see.

We all knew that Patsy Li should be taken out of range of enemy guns, but the fighting kept us tied to our posts for several months. Actually, none of us wished to give her up. Finally the day came when a jeep could be turned over to me. Patsy Li and I left our base, and then flew in a navy plane the dangerous 600-mile hop to the island of Espiritu Santo. There I was to hand her over to the care of a kindly French missionary named Père Jean.

I stood looking after her as she

went into the mission holding tight to the priest's hand. "Well, that's that," I thought. "We'll probably never meet again." Tears filled my eyes as I turned away.

But I was wrong. That wasn't the end of the story at all. That night as I was telling a group about Patsy Li, one of the men got up and went out hurriedly. I was told later that he was Foster Hailey, a war correspondent for the *New York Times*. He had left the room to write an article about Patsy Li. It was his story in the *Times* that led us to the really great marvel, the finding of Patsy's mother, three years later.

It all happened quite logically, and yet it will always seem fantastic to me.

In New York City, an energetic Chinese woman doctor from Singapore was doing research on cancer. She was preparing to return to the East after the war to help her people. Dr. Katharine Li read Hailey's story, and was struck by the name Patsy Li, for her married sister in Singapore, Mrs. Ruth Li, had a daughter named Patsy Li. After the war, when lines of communication were opened again between the U.S. and Singapore, she wrote to her sister asking about Patsy.

The answer she received was a sad and terrible one. Three years before, in February, 1942, Mrs. Li and her two daughters, Patsy, six, and Lottie, two, were on the steamship *Kuala* fleeing from Singapore,

when it was sunk by Japanese aircraft. Mrs. Li and her children were thrown into the water. She put Patsy on a piece of floating wreckage and told her to hold on. She herself clasped the baby.

But she wasn't able to swim, and as she was sucked under with the sinking ship, the baby was torn from her. When she came to the surface again, she was picked up by the Japanese. Her children had disappeared.

And now, three years later, here was a story about a Patsy Li, named at random by a priest on an island 4,000 miles from Singapore. Could it possibly be? Katherine Li wondered. One Patsy Li had dis-

For the duration of the 2nd World War the Marist Sisters take care of Patsy Li at the French Mission on Efate Island, New Hebrides.





Wearing the white academy uniform, she plays her first recital during a student concert in the spring of 1951. Patsy received an "A+," three "A's" and a "B+" as her final grades in music.

peared. One Patsy Li had been found. Dr. Katherine Li wrote to her sister about Foster Hailey's articles, and they began to hope.

When I heard about this new development I shook my head. Impossible! Why, Patsy Li was simply a name the Marines and I had made up for a little girl from nowhere.

But Mrs. Ruth Li was determined. Months of cables and letters passed between Mrs. Li and her sister, between Mrs. Li and Foster Hailey and me. In the face of advice against even hoping, Mrs. Li arrived on the island of Efate, where my little Patsy Li was in an orphanage.

I wish I had been there for that meeting. Mrs. Li has described it for me.

"There was a fearful doubt in my heart. I had only two things to look for: a small scar on my Patsy's eye and a vaccination mark on her arm. Patsy was one of the few children in our area who had been vaccinated against smallpox. If this child had those two marks—I was almost afraid to look. But yes, there they were. Yes, she was my Patsy."

Months later Patsy was able to recall dimly a night spent in the water holding on tight to something, but that is as far as her memory can take us. We will never know for certain how Patsy got across 4,000 miles of ocean to Guadalcanal, but I have pieced together some of it and can only guess the rest.

I believe that the Japanese picked up the little girl from the water when the *Kuala* sank and later left her with natives in the Solomon Islands. Early in 1942 the Japanese were friendly toward the natives on Guadalcanal; they needed their friendship.

But all that changed overnight when the Americans invaded the island. The Japanese began killing natives whenever they found them. And one night in August they went through a village and massacred every man, woman, and child they could find. The three natives who brought Patsy's broken little body to me were among the few survivors.

That much can be explained. But that she and her mother should be reunited, after being separated by thousands of miles, four long years of war, and all kinds of horror—that truly bordered on the miraculous.

During the postwar years, when little Patsy was growing up, she began writing to me. She wrote little childish notes at first, expressing her hope to visit America when she was older, so that she could thank the Americans who had saved her life. I began to plan for her, in the back of my mind. It would be complicated and expensive, and I didn't know how we would manage, but somehow she must come to school in America.

In the spring of 1950, Patsy wrote that she was ready for high school.



After her mother finds Patsy Li on Efate Island the pair go home by way of Australia.

I decided that the moment had come. I made a flying visit to the motherhouse of the Sisters of Mercy at Merion, Pa., and handed my problem to Mother Bernard, head of the Order.

"She is not a Catholic, Sister," I said, after I had told her my story. "But she is a wonderful child, and I would like to have her get the kind of schooling that only you can give her."

"Father," she said, "don't you worry. We'll see to it that Patsy Li will be educated in America. We

have recently opened a new school in Williamsburg, Va., the Walsingham academy, and it will be ideal for Patsy Li. The climate is very much like Singapore's and many of the students are children whose parents have traveled all over the world."

It sounded simple.

All I had to worry about was getting a guardian for Patsy; getting a student visa from the proper authorities; filling out papers and more papers to send to Singapore; transportation of a 15-year-old child over the 10,000 miles from Singapore to America; and finally the money to pay for all this.

Well, the Chinese taught me one important thing in the many years I spent out there as a missionary. Every journey, they say, no matter how many miles, starts with a single step. So I would start this seemingly impossible project with the single step of finding a guardian for Patsy Li. And before I knew it, that step was taken and I was on to the next.

An old friend, Miss Eleanor Bumgardner, had spent a life of unselfish devotion to Frank Murphy from the time he had first sailed to the Philippines as governor general until his untimely death while justice of the Supreme Court. She was the perfect answer. She was willing and anxious.

Necessary papers for the student visa were soon winging back and forth across the Pacific. Bruce

Mohler, director of the NCWC Bureau of Immigration, had taken over. That left two major problems to be solved, transportation and money. And there was Sam Pryor of Pan American Airways arranging for the flight, and an old friend from the navy, Capt. William Conners II, publisher of the Buffalo *Courier Express*, seeing to the rest.

On Christmas day, 1950, Patsy stepped off a plane at Los Angeles. She and Miss Bumgardner started their first day together at a little church near the airport. They gave heartfelt thanks to God for His help and for all the things He had planned for Patsy.

By now Patsy Li's story was being read and heard all over the country, and so she was entertained royally everywhere she went. Louis B. Mayer of MGM asked Patsy and her "Aunt Eleanor" to have breakfast at his studio. Irene Dunne was charmed by her little Chinese visitor. Newspapermen and women were delighted with her straightforward answers and her simple dignity and poise. And then they were winging their way to meet me in New York.

It's difficult to express my feelings that cold and snowy day at the airport when I saw Patsy Li again. The last time I had seen her she had been a child. When I said good-by to her on Espiritu Santo, Patsy couldn't speak a word of English. She just smiled through her tears and turned away.

And here was an attractive young lady who stopped before me and said with a slightly British accent, "Hello, padre. I am happy to see you." Though she hid any emotion behind her quiet dignity, as all Orientals do, I knew that she must be sharing the same warmth and happiness that I was feeling.

Patsy was on a merry-go-round for her first few days in New York. A Christmas tree surrounded by a pyramid of gifts greeted her as we

Upon her arrival at Los Angeles airport Patsy meets her legal guardian, Eleanor Bumgardner.



entered the hotel suite. And there was Al Landes, my assistant, who had helped to nurse little Patsy when she was brought to my tent so badly wounded.

Newsmen and photographers were waiting for her. Someone was on hand from a radio station to arrange for Patsy's appearance on a program. Invitations for sightseeing trips and shows were there for her. Through it all, and later as she enjoyed each event, she smiled and nodded, and then would whisper to me, "When are we going to Walsingham academy, Father Fred?"

Yes, the serious business of settling down to studies was what Patsy was most anxious about.

I'll always remember our arrival at the academy. There were Sister Constance, the principal, and all Walsingham students waiting for us on the steps. Patsy approached them timidly, but with a sweet smile, and was introduced to each. I heard one ten-year-old whisper to Sister Constance, "She's all the way from China and she speaks English!"

Yes, I have no doubt that this

will be a happy association for everyone. Patsy's report cards are excellent and she is becoming expert in her painting and music. She spends her vacations with her "Aunt Eleanor" in Washington or at Our Lady of Fatima camp in Cliff Haven. Sister Naala, who supervises the camp, considers Patsy one of her best all-round campers.

Patsy will graduate from the academy and go on to college. She is growing into a fine young woman, but I never see her and I never think of her without remembering O'Sullivan and Richardson and Walewski and Cohen and those other Marines in foxholes sheltering her with their bodies as shells burst around us.

It seems like centuries, but it's only ten years ago that Patsy Li and the Marines, thousands of them, shared imminent death on Guadalcanal.

Patsy Li will not forget. Her one desire now is to become a doctor, so that she can heal the broken bodies of others as those Marines healed hers.

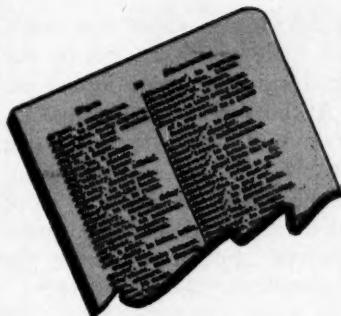
THE Soviet commissar was examining a young Czech boy to determine whether he had been properly indoctrinated. When asked who his father was the boy replied, "Josef Stalin."

Beaming, the examiner then asked who his mother was. "The great Soviet Union," came the prompt reply.

"Splendid," grinned the commissar, "You'll make a fine Red-army soldier. Now tell me," he continued, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"An orphan!" snapped the boy.

Joseph Salak.



You Make the Dictionary

You invent the words, editors only list them

By WILFRED FUNK and
NORMAN LEWIS

Condensed from
"30 Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary"*

THE ENGLISH language belongs to you. You made it. You are making it every day. You have invented more than 600,000 English words, minus those that have been taken over from other languages. But even those were adopted by you. You have devised the queer spellings of English words. You have determined their pronunciations.

This year about 5,000 new words will come into our language. The scholars won't mint or invent the new words. They will just pop up. The scholars will have nothing to say about how they shall be pronounced or spelled, or as to what they mean. They will be pronounced and spelled and defined pretty much as the public pleases.

Take a case in point. When television became popular someone thought up the word *telecast* as a parallel to *broadcast*. Broadcasting experts are bitterly opposed to the

term. Scholars call it a bastard type of word, half from Greek, *tele*, meaning "far away," and half from the English word *cast*, but *telecast* it's going to be, thanks to the people who have repeatedly used it.

In the same way old words completely change their meanings: nice words become coarse, and coarse words become respectable. Slang, for instance. A great mass of our language was once slang. Purists and highbrows protested, but, little by little, common usage made many such words so respectable that scholars were willing to use them and included them in the dictionaries.

Around 230 years ago, for example, Jonathan Swift was calling the use of slang words like *bubble*, *sham*, *bully*, and *hips* "a disgrace to our language." Now you and I use them very happily. Here are a few more that were once slang: *gin*, *boycott*, *cab*, *greenhorn*, *hoax*.

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You see, people kept on using such words until they had to be included in our dictionaries. Conversely, when these or any other words stop being commonly used, they will die. You will determine this, and our lexicographers will have nothing to do with it.

How do words get into the dictionary? Somebody writes in and asks the dictionary publisher about an apparently new word, or a staff reader discovers it among the Niagara of words pouring out from the presses of the world. The scholars check it to find out if it really is new.

They look for it in standard English reference works of the last two centuries. If they don't find it there, they leaf through glossaries of Sanskrit, Maori, Hansa, Urdu, Hebrew, Afrikander: all the languages, ancient and modern, that were spawned by the Tower of Babel. If it still evades them, they take a look at the trade and professional dictionaries, say those of politics, petroleum, draperies, botany, and others too many to count. If the term proves itself new, they

put it on file for about five years.

Now, they watch its use by the people during the probationary period. Authors may take it up. Inquiries may come to the office about its meaning. At the end of the interval the record of the new word is added up and if its score shows a sufficient popular demand, the word goes into the dictionary.

Now, how is it defined? As the researchers watch a new word in use they copy the actual sentences in which the word appears. When a dictionary editor finally makes up a definition he will have in front of him a stack of cards containing sentences that give the word and the context. The meaning, or meanings, that he gives the word will be based, not in any way on his own opinion, but upon the sheaf of popular quotations he finds in front of him. The definitions lie not in this editor's particular scholarship but in the whim of the millions who have invented, pronounced, spelled, and defined the word for him. When we study the English language, we are studying our own handiwork.

Them Bones, Them Bones

An old Irish priest used to give this advice to his parishioners leaving for America: "Remember the three bones. The wishbone keeps you going after things; the jawbone helps you find out how to go after them if you are not too proud to ask a question when there's something you don't know; and the backbone keeps you at it till you get there."

The Friendly Chat (May '52).

Why They Are Priests

*To offer Mass, to administer the sacraments,
to teach what is right*

By THEODORE MAYNARD

Condensed from "*The Catholic Way*"*

Theodore Maynard is one of America's leading Catholic poets, though lately he has specialized in writing history and biography. He was born in 1890 in India, where his Protestant parents were missionaries. He became a convert in England and then came to the U.S. as a college professor. The Catholic Way is an explanation of the Church as it appears to laymen.

IN THE early years of the American frontier, visits by priests were few. Isolated settlements rarely had a priest to say Mass and administer the sacraments. Therefore it was necessary for the Catholics of the settlement to appoint one of their number to marry couples by witnessing the ceremony. Such marriages were recognized as valid, and were then blessed by a priest when he arrived.

Laymen also read the prayers at burials and even said together the prayers of the Mass, though of course without any pretense that they were celebrating Mass. Friends might help the dying to make an act of contrition, or even hear their

confession, as a reassuring gesture of what a priest would do were it possible. The arrangement was makeshift but heroic. It may have conferred more merit than is derived from an easy and comfortable practice of religion, but it was precarious and left much to be desired. Priests are still essential to Catholicism.

A recent movie showed an island off the coast of Brittany that was deserted by its only priest in disgust at his people's addiction to praying for the wrecking of ships. But the people, in spite of their nefarious ways, retained their faith. During this crisis they got the sexton, as the one who knew most about ecclesiastical matters, to perform some of the priest's functions. They pushed him on reluctantly to hear confessions and finally persuaded him to say Mass. From this he was saved just in the nick of time by the return of the wayward priest.

There is some implausibility about all this, but the point is not that the people denied the indispensability of the priest. It is, rather, that they were, in their own fashion, assert-

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ing it. They knew that for the complete exercise of the Catholic religion there have to be priests. For the continuation of the priestly line there must be bishops in a line of unbroken succession from Christ. It is this continuity that gives the priest his power.

It may be that this power has sometimes been abused. The power itself can't be exaggerated, but it may be possible for a priest to use it for improper ends. An individual cleric may be something of a tyrant. If he is, he exceeds the scope of his office and makes himself liable to severe reprimand by his bishop. In practice, however, the nasty term "priestcraft" has little meaning. The Catholic priesthood does not maintain its power by anything except the need that Catholics have for the Mass that only a priest can say and for the sacraments that only a priest can dispense. Far from resenting that power, Catholics are grateful for it, as they are also for the teaching and disciplinary authority of the Church as exercised by their priests under the direction of their bishops.

The priesthood in Catholicism is something unique. Some other religions do have a validly ordained priesthood; but the validity comes from a former connection with the Catholic Church. The case is otherwise with the Church of England (or its American offshoot, the Protestant Episcopal church). Though they give some of their ministers the title of priest, only the High

Anglican faction among them attach the Catholic meaning to the word.

Twice the Anglicans have asked the Holy See to consider whether their priests are validly ordained, and twice the Pope has decided that they are not. Here and there a few Anglican ministers have reassured themselves by obtaining surreptitious ordination from churches recognized as having valid Holy Orders. Several have entered the Catholic Church, and I know of at least one instance where such a priest was allowed, after the death of his wife, to exercise his sacerdotal office, after he received "conditional ordination." But normally when Protestant congregations call certain men to the ministry, it is primarily because they have gone through a special course of studies that equips them for the pulpit; they do not, however, differ from the laity in any essential respect.

The Catholic priest is one upon whom special powers have been conferred, the chief of which is offering Mass, but which also includes the administering of the sacraments. Under the direction of his bishop he is also teacher and administrator of his parish. As such, a paternal relationship with his people develops. But priestly tyranny, if it ever existed, would not be tolerated today. Priests mingle with their people; and while the laity stand in awe of the priest's office, there is a warm affection for him as a man. He

would have to be a most disagreeable person to lose their love; should even that happen, he would keep their respect; should even respect go, veneration for his priesthood would remain.

This is not to assert that every priest is an amiable human being; most of them are, but some are not. Priesthood, however, is likely to bring out whatever engaging qualities a man may possess. The priest's position is secure. He is not harassed with domestic cares. He does not have to ingratiate himself with his congregation to hold his job, and so does not have to smear himself with the butter and treacle that can be so obnoxious. He takes his people, and they take him, for granted. He is not dependent upon them; rather it is they who are dependent upon him. Priesthood imparts a special and indelible character to the soul, and the exercise of the priesthood should—and it is surely not too much to say that it usually does—give charity and compassion and understanding of his fellow mortals to the priest.

His priesthood cannot be taken away. Even if his bishop should suspend him and he sinfully continued to say Mass, it would still be a valid Mass. It would be valid even if he were excommunicated or went into apostasy. For such conduct, as for other sins, he might end up in

hell, but even should that happen, he would nevertheless be a priest for all eternity. So, for that matter, will any baptized person who comes to be among the damned bear forever a mark upon him. It will be to his greater shame, but it will always be there. The priest is not simply a man appointed to a position, he is one consecrated to God. Whatever he does, he cannot lose his priesthood.

A good many Protestants in the past, and this may still be true of some backward people in isolated regions, thought of the priest as being, in some way, rather sinister. He was regarded as a wirepuller, who highhandedly influenced a superstitious and groveling flock, adept at political chicanery. Anyone who has come into contact with priests will smile at the absurdity of this. Priests, being human, are not exempt from faults and failings, but taken as a class they are kindly, humorous, and wise.

I have never caught any of them in the most innocent piece of wirepulling. Their "priestcraft" was of a totally different kind. They had authority to teach, and I recognized my need of being taught. They had authority to pardon sins, and I knew myself to be a sinner. They had authority to offer Mass, and it is around the Mass that Catholicism revolves.

JIT is said that a river becomes crooked following the line of least resistance. So does man.

Abraham Lincoln



How to Get Real Bargains

They abound, but you must know one when you see it

By RICHARD and ELEANOR KENT
Condensed from *Better Homes and Gardens**

THE ADVERTISEMENT read: "One-day clearance of famous-name radio and TV sets; each one guaranteed." The prices listed were very good, so good, in fact, that we were a bit skeptical. But the store had a good reputation for quality merchandise. We lined up at 8:30 A.M., although the doors wouldn't open until 9. Before they did, a line of bargain hunters like ourselves stretched around the block.

Armed with a clipping of the advertisement, we stepped into the display room. We quickly caught a salesman's eye and pointed to our first choice. It was an 18-tube radio-phonograph with short wave, FM, a three-speed record player, and a famous name. We tried the FM and the record player; two speeds only, because there was no 45 RPM record "handy" at the moment. We hesitated. The salesman's pencil was poised above his order book.

"There it is, folks. Good buy."

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"The cabinet's ugly," my wife objected. "That brown lacquer ruins it."

"Could be refinished. Lots of work, though," I said.

The man shrugged indifferently. "It's a good buy."

We were puzzled by the low price. The cabinet might be the answer to that. But at every sale, there is a moment to apply the brakes on the "quick, quick, buy" impulse. We questioned the guarantee. Yes, it was part of the bill of sale.

"Of course," said our man, "it's not as if you were buying that set over there," indicating a much higher-priced model. "We're losing money on this set as it is."

"Here it comes," we thought, looking at each other. Now we'd get that old argument to "upgrade" us into buying a more expensive set. The "come-on" gimmick is often used to get rid of all kinds of merchandise, but especially radios, automobiles, electrical ap-

pliances, and furniture. Upgrading can be the sign of a fake sale or it may be perfectly legitimate salesmanship. If you are actually permitted to buy the "price leader," the sale is no fake.

This particular sale proved itself legitimate when the salesman said, "All you have to do is plug it in." We bought. Another incident made us even more sure that this sale was O.K. When the set was delivered, the FM part was out of kilter. The store lost no time in sending a man, who soon had it working perfectly. Good stores never let price affect their service policy.

We sanded the cabinet down to the fine mahogany underneath the lacquer and gave it the high-rubbed finish it deserved. We own an instrument that is beautiful in all ways. It has stood up to two years of continuous service and a 1,000-mile journey in a van. We have never spent a cent for repairs.

Successful bargain hunting has to be planned. It demands mental and physical effort. But it can be great fun. And it is unbelievably profitable. We could never have picked off such a bargain in a radio had we not planned our purchase for months ahead. We came to the store with very definite ideas about just what we wanted. Others close to us in line who had only vague ideas about what they wanted got nothing, as did the latecomers.

Family-finance experts estimate

that the relentless bargain hunter saves about 20% a year over the nonsale buyer. Another figure sometimes quoted is \$3 saved per hour of shopping time. My wife and I, after checking sales slips and our budget, find that we have nearly doubled those figures.

Smart merchandisers will put out perfectly legitimate bait, just to put you in a buying mood. Or a reduced item may be merely one of a kind, with no irregularity whatsoever. Again, an article may be slightly damaged. A perfect toy in a broken box will probably sell far below its regular price. But you are buying a toy, not a box, so don't let a little thing like a damaged carton stop you.

You will find a pile of bolt-ends or fabric samples in the upholstery department of nearly any store in the country. A friend of ours paid \$2.98 a yard for material to cover the seats of her dining-room chairs. We bought identical material for 15¢ the piece in under-yard lengths from the same store. This was a rare find.

You can save on the gifts you buy by picking them up when they're on sale and storing them until the appropriate anniversary or wedding turns up. Wise buyers always do their Christmas shopping in the summer months. You stand to spend the most money and get the least satisfaction from buying a gift if you wait until the last minute.

Margin of profit varies with type of store. The average is about 40%, with higher margins for really smart shops and lower ones for less expensive stores. A genuine sale will offer savings of anywhere from 10% to 40%. Our experience has been that the better the store the better the bargain quality-wise, and often dollar-wise, too. This is particularly true of women's dresses and accessories. When the swank stores cut prices, they really slash. Such items have to be moved fast, or they may soon be completely out of fashion.

Know your stores. Compare not only price with price, but price with quality. Some of the greatest bargains are to be found in articles sold "as is." A friend of ours bought for \$10 a magnificent glass lamp because of a tiny gouge in the base. The regular price was \$45. He was able to erase the damage by sandpapering the base. But be careful. A bad guess on an "as is" item can cancel a day's savings in shopping.

We have found our best buys by shopping the first and last days of big sales. The best selections and the best over-all prices are found the first day. But as a sale progresses, merchandise is often further reduced. The really sensational bargains usually are offered in the last few hours of the final day.

If you wish to be a real bargain hunter, you must get up early. Feel no embarrassment about lining up

outside the store door long before it opens. "One-of-a-kind" items are usually pretty well picked over in the first 15 minutes of a good sale.

The atmosphere of stores can be a warning. Beware of the sale that goes on too long. Many linen shops, especially, seem to be forever "quitting business." Look for them next year and you will find them still trying to "liquidate their stock." They will have amazing values in their windows, as bait *only*. You may find salespeople talking down sale merchandise, calling Mr. So-and-So to verify sales arguments, hinting darkly at coming shortages and price jumps, brushing aside questions, and using fast sales talk. All such tactics should put you on your guard.

Inferior items or other goods that for some reason do not move are known in the trade as "dogs." The fault may be bad styling, poor workmanship, or hideous color. There may be hidden defects which have caused an item to be returned. By lowering the price and clearly stating the terms of sale, the store plays fair with you. Even dogs can be good buys if you know what you're doing. A color that may not be popular enough to sell large quantities of a certain item may be just the one you need.

A fantastically low price tag is no sure sign that an article is a dog. We have picked up bargains so unbelievable that we couldn't shake the impression we were steal-

ing them. In suits or shoes, chairs or handbags, one man's or woman's meat may be another's poison. And often no one knows just why.

Shun bargain hunting when you are tired, hungry, angry or worried. You may start out chipper, and find yourself getting impatient. Go home. Don't shop continuously without a break for coffee. Don't shop too long. Our own rule is a full morning or afternoon, never both.

At rest periods check your lists, review results, get your perspective. Never buy on impulse. Don't overbuy. Stick to your budget; you may come to hate the purchase you couldn't really afford. Take enough time to decide. Because the salesperson has spent some time with you doesn't absolutely obligate you to buy something. Carry small items to a quieter corner of the counter

for close examination and decision. But keep them in full view and handle them carefully. With large purchases, don't be afraid to ask plenty of questions.

If you have the stamina, you can get some of the best bargains of your life at the mob-type sale. But consider what you're letting yourself in for before you go.

Above all, play the bargain game fairly. If the ad says "No returns; all sales final," don't expect to browbeat the return desk into changing store policy. If you buy an "as-is" item, remember the store warned you beforehand. You balanced your judgment against the store's low price. If your decision was wrong, lose with as much grace as if you had won. You can win often enough to make the great game of bargain hunting profitable and a lot of fun.



Dumb Bells Didn't Ring

DURING the late Middle Ages, bell ringing was one of the most highly regarded of arts. Men spent years learning to "ring the changes" on bells of great cathedrals. In its simplest standard form, this exercise called for a precise pattern of 5,040 notes played on seven bells. Since learners practiced for hours at a time for days on end, their noise was a public nuisance.

Consequently, an unknown craftsman devised an elaborate rope mechanism for the use of apprentice ringers. They went through all the motions, but pulled "dumb bells," counterbalanced weights, rather than real bells. A workout with the silent instruments gave one plenty of exercise. So when an early health faddist invented a wooden apparatus for taking exercise, he named it the *dumbbell*.

Webb B. Garrison.

Death Comes for the Archbishop's People

The Archdiocese of Santa Fe, spending \$60 a month for relief, is trying to keep 400,000 people alive

By JOHN McKEON

Condensed from the *Commonweal**

A WEEK before leaving the Archdiocese of Santa Fe in New Mexico, I went to Pecos for a final visit with a priest friend. He is pastor there, and has ten missions. These missions, remote and widely scattered, have in common a poverty deep and ancient.

The life of the parishioners, subsistence farmers and mountain ranchers, is hard. For their priest, who knows why he cannot overcome the poverty, it is even harder. He has seen most of his efforts bog down over the years because of lack of funds. He is not alone in his plight; there is hardly a priest in the Southwest who does not have in his parish at least a half dozen families whose children cannot go to school or assist at Mass because of the lack of proper clothing.

The Santa Fe archdiocese comprises the state of New Mexico, less the great reservations of the Navajos and other tribes, and counts a total Catholic population of 235,000 out of 400,000 state residents. They are 80% Spanish-speaking, descendants of the colonists of the Onate expedition from Mexico City who, in 1598, planted the seed of the faith in what is now the U.S. Successive generations have nourished it with their blood and misery throughout drought, famine, and century-long Indian raiding.

In one Indian massacre alone, the Great Pueblo rebellion of 1680, more than 30 Franciscan priests were martyred in a single day. The survivors hacked their way through Indian encirclement from Santa Fe to El Paso, a distance



*386 4th Ave., New York City 16. Aug. 15, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the
Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc.

of 400 miles, over desert and mountains.

The majority of New Mexican Catholics, according to the New Mexico Health association, endure a submarginal standard of living. The archdiocesan chancery office can afford a total emergency-relief allotment of only \$60 a month. In turn, the director of Catholic Charities for the archdiocese cannot afford the services of even one Catholic social worker. Since no emergency relief funds were allotted by the state for the poor of the archdiocese, the resulting squalor and misery is great. For the more than 200,000 *braceros*, Mexican migratory workers who swarm throughout the Southwest in a state of perennial near-destitution, the archdiocese can spare neither medical assistance, charitable relief, nor priests to administer the sacraments. They are left, therefore, to the mercy of God and the conscience of their employers.

Consider what took place in Hobbs, N. M. A girl of ten, daughter of a *bracero*, had been taken into custody with her father for contributing to the death of her brother and sister, aged 14 months and five years, respectively. The facts were these: her mother had died some weeks before and her father had to work in the fields all day. She was left in charge of the younger children. She had nothing to feed them but black coffee, bread, and beans. They died of malnutri-

tion under her care. Prolonged investigation failed to show criminal intent on the part of the father and daughter, and they were released for want of evidence.

This was not an isolated case. In the annual state health report for the year, only slightly over half of the children in New Mexico got sufficient milk for their needs; out of the nine premature births in 100 for whites and 15 in 100 for the Indians, 30% died for lack of proper medical care. Fifteen thousand Navajo children were without school facilities, and famine was both endemic and perennial among them, with the attendant host of diseases and ailments.

In a state with the second highest death rate in the nation from tuberculosis, the New Mexican Health department has no funds of its own to allot for treatment among the rural population. Only 150 beds are available for sufferers from the disease when the minimum need is 900. Public-health statistics prove the immediate and pressing plight of the majority of rural Catholics in the archdiocese. Eight-tenths of all medical and charitable assistance available to the population of the archdiocese, Catholic and non-Catholic, was dispensed by the Church. Only two out of every ten hospitals, mental institutions, orphanages, and public-health and maternity clinics in the archdiocese were administered by the state or other religious de-

With Their People

PRIESTS from Mexico will supplement work of specially trained American priests in the care of migrant workers in the northern states of the U. S., according to plans envisioned by the new Bishops' Committee for Catholic Migrants, established at the annual meeting of the U. S. hierarchy. The action was taken after Archbishop Jose Garigi Rivera of Guadalajara, Mexico, wrote to Archbishop Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio in August, 1952. Archbishop Rivera expressed concern over the plight of Mexican migrants, and offered to send Mexican priests to help care for them.

NCWC (23 Nov. '52).

nominations. Yet, despite the enormous sacrifice and effort by an impoverished archdiocese, the medical and economic problems of the rural population remain largely untouched because of lack of funds.

The archdiocese is chiefly composed of three groups, Indian, Anglo-American, and Spanish-speaking. The 2nd World War saw a shift from a predominantly pastoral and agricultural economy to an urban and industrial one. In the train of the shift came the attendant sharpening of racial and economic problems. Juvenile delinquency and

crimes of violence took a sharp upward turn in the cities. In the rural areas, the cradle of Catholic cultural traditions and values, the ravages of the population shift were most keenly felt.

The great history, dignity and courage of that culture are difficult to impart in brief, but the mission of Our Lady of the Angels illustrates the greatness of its past and the tragedy of its present.

I had spent most of my visit saying good-by to various friends in Pecos. In late afternoon, I was returning to the village with my priest friend. It was three days before Christmas, and there was a faint powdering of snow in the fields that bordered the dirt road. The ruined walls of the mission jutted black against the sky in the fading light.

Santa Fe archdiocese is dotted with ruined missions, and the noblest is that of Our Lady of the Angels. We paused in silence at the shattered walls. Over all that countryside sorrow hangs heavy, but never so much as on a winter's day of leave-taking.

Over the same ground on which we stood, Coronado had led his horsemen into the pueblo, the ancient home of the now vanished Tewa Indian nation. On that day 400 years ago, the pueblo had been the most populous city on the American continent north of the Rio Grande. Nothing remains but adobe rubble of the great buildings

that had amazed Coronado's troopers and given rise to the legend of the Seven Golden Cities of Cibola. Of the hundreds of thousands of souls who had inhabited it since the Bronze age, not one remained.

We left the mission of Our Lady of the Angels as darkness became complete. As we turned into the rectory yard in Pecos, a little tableau caught our attention. A group of ragged children surrounded a girl of about ten who was seated with stately dignity on a tiny burro. The burro's halter was held by a handsome boy of about 12. "It is the *pastorales*" my friend said. "I am about to be blackmailed."

Each year at Christmas time, he explained, the children, in accordance with ancient tradition, elect one of their number to be Joseph

of the Nativity story and one to be Mary. Seating the Mary upon a burro, they follow as Joseph leads her from door to door throughout the village, crying out, "There is no room at the inn, there is no room at the inn." The villagers, coming to their doors with good grace or ill, pay their forfeits of pennies or cake or candy; their house is the inn of Bethlehem for the night and they are without room for guests.

It is a symbol that could be aptly used to characterize the plight of tens of thousands of Catholics, adults and children, throughout the Southwest, who find in the midst of the nation with the highest material standard of living in history that there is for them "no room at the inn."



What's In a Nome?

THE BRITISH SHIP, *Herald*, was chug-chugging through the icy seas off the rugged western coast of Alaska. The ship's mission was to chart the Alaskan coast. It was in the 1840's, and the British government had decided that it was high time for such a survey.

One of the geographers on the ship noted from an old map that a particular cape-like blob of land was still unnamed. So, to point this out for the new chart makers, he scribbled "Name?" on the new rough draft of the chart.

When it came time to make a more finished chart, the draftsman just put the word "Name" in for that particular section, not bothering to investigate any further or even to include the question mark. Nor, for that matter, to write those four letters too legibly.

So when the final chart was drawn up in England, the *a* was transcribed as an *o*. And that's how Nome, Alaska, got its name.

Jay Patnick.



Flapping-Wing Flight

It may not be long before the dragonfly plane replaces the automobile

By JOSEPH STOCKER
Condensed from *Boys' Life**

IT WAS a crisp spring day. The sun sent long shafts of dazzling light across Green lake, near Pontiac, Mich. A man was puttering in a tiny laboratory in a boathouse.

The man was a tall, intense person, with a wild mop of gray hair, and probing eyes behind thick spectacles. Suddenly his attention was diverted. A dragonfly crawled up onto his workbench. It was obviously fresh from its cocoon—glistening beads of moisture stood on its body and wings.

For 20 minutes the dragonfly crouched on the bench, drying out. Then it rose vertically, snared a mosquito on the wing, and darted off into space faster than the eye could follow.

The man watching it was America's most distinguished aviation scientist and engineer, William Bushnell Stout. Now Bill Stout is hard at work developing the idea which came to him as he watched the dragonfly in flight. The idea: an airplane with flapping wings.

You can't write Bill Stout off as

a crackpot. No man in America has contributed more to the progress of aviation and transportation.

Bill Stout built the first American all-metal airplane. He designed and built the famous Ford Tri-motor, forerunner of the modern-day air liner which spans seas and continents at a 350-mph clip. He invented the strutless wing, the so-called "thick wing," which changed the whole complexion of aviation. He laid out the first commercial air line. He designed the Sky Car, a family-type plane with tricycle landing gear; built the first light-weight, streamlined railroad car; developed the Scarab, a streamlined rear-engine automobile so far ahead of its time in 1932 that today's 1952 models still haven't caught up with it.

Stout visualizes flapping-wing flight in the private plane of the future, a "universal vehicle" landing and taking off vertically and capable of better-than-airplane forward speed. It could be mass-produced as cheaply as the automobile,

and could revolutionize civilization as did the automobile.

But why flapping wings? Bill Stout explains it this way. Private aviation, as we now know it, has just about reached its saturation point. When the 2nd World War ended, we thought that we would have almost universal flight, with private airplanes as numerous as cars. But that didn't happen. Small-plane sales edged up slightly after the war, then declined steadily. A few people, bolder and better heeled than most, bought small planes. But Mr. Average American did not.

He stuck to his automobile because, says Stout, the conventional airplane needs an airport for taking off and landing. To use your plane, you first must drive from the city to the airport, and then you must drive from the airport to your final destination. You can't fly your airplane from where you are to where you want to go.

Bill Stout designed a "roadable" plane, the craft which folds its wings and drives away like an automobile some years ago, but he says it isn't the solution. However "roadable" it may be, it still needs an airport for taking off and landing.

Then how about the helicopter? It takes off vertically, lands vertically, and hovers in flight. It has been handy in the Korean war and in air-sea rescue work.

True, says Bill Stout. But the

helicopter also has insurmountable limitations. To achieve vertical lift, it has had to sacrifice forward speed and economy. Basically, the helicopter is nothing but a boomerang. A boomerang flies in circles, and to keep the helicopter from flying in circles, it has been loaded down with all manner of mechanisms and contraptions. The net effect has been to increase weight of the 'copter, slow it down, and make it prohibitively expensive.

Stout calls the flapping wing both "the newest and the oldest approach to the problem of flight." Nature has been using it for a long, long time to propel her flying creatures through the air.

Before the Wright brothers took off at Kitty Hawk, various inventors attempted to produce a flapping-wing plane. Since Kitty Hawk, we have tried to perfect the rigid-wing idea which the Wrights developed. "We put a propeller on the airplane simply because it was the only way the Wright brothers knew," says Stout. "And no one has bothered it since, except for the jet. We stick engines and nose spinners out on the wings in places where they create drag and slow down progress, while nature uses only the body and the wings."

The conventional plane must roll across the ground until it develops a wind of sufficient velocity to provide it with lift and send it into the air. The flapping-wing plane would stand stationary, flapping its

wings to develop its own wind to the point where it would have sufficient lift. The conventional plane can use its power only for take-off and flight but not for landing, but the flapping-wing plane could use its power for all three.

After watching the dragonfly, Bill Stout began to study the wings of insects. He decided on insects because the structure of a bird's wing is more complex. "Then, too," says Stout, "birds aren't very good flyers. You never saw one land upside down on a ceiling! But insects fly successfully, and carry payloads, with wings of very much smaller proportion than birds. And they make higher speeds proportionately."

Stout photographed dragonfly wings. He checked their structure and studied the intricate nature of their joints and angles at various stages of flight. He measured the wing flap of insects with what he calls a "ten-mouse-power motor." Then he began to build models of flapping wings of balsa wood, tissue paper, and piano wire. He imitated not only the dragonfly but various other kinds of insects. He fashioned wing after wing.

I called on the famous engineer at his main office and laboratory in Phoenix, Ariz. We talked for a few minutes, and then he said, "Let's go down to the lab. I'll show you something." The lab was a clutter of tools, electric motors, jars of nails and screws, and scraps of

material. Near the center was a weird-looking rig.

The base of the rig was a simple music stand, the kind you use in band practice. The thin tripod legs were there and so was the vertical shaft, but the music rack itself had been removed. In place of the rack Stout had attached a long, metal, rotating arm. At one end was a tiny electric motor. At the other end was a set of flapping wings, each about a foot and a half long. There were four such wings, for the dragonfly has two pairs of wings in tandem.

"Watch this," he said, and plugged an electric cord into a wall socket. I heard a whir and at the same time a fluttering sound. The flapping wings had begun to flap. And as they did, the rotating arm began to rotate, propelled around its tight little circle by the flapping of the wings. Stout stepped up his rheostat. Faster and faster the wings flapped, and faster and faster the arm rotated until the movement of wings and arm became nothing but a blur. The whirring-fluttering noise rose to a screaming pitch.

"This is fantastic!" I shouted over the racket. Stout pulled the cord from its socket. The flapping wings stopped flapping and the rotating arm slowed to a stop. Stout grinned.

"But people have said it can't be done, you know," he replied with gentle sarcasm.

Then he showed me a model

balsa-wood fuselage. It had a cabin, and in the cabin was a tiny man. Stout hooked the fuselage to the end of the rotating arm, under the flapping wings. It was a complete flapping-wing airplane in miniature. There, I thought, I was seeing the shape of the future in aviation.

Now he is ready to launch an engineering program to produce a full-scale, man-carrying flapping-wing airplane. The program will involve a wind-tunnel setup and a great deal of research to work out the countless problems of thrust, aerodynamics, vibration, and the like.

When will flapping-wing flight become a practical reality? Stout isn't forecasting the date. But he says it will come within three to

five years after the aviation industry finally veers from the beaten path of conventional aircraft and commences serious engineering work on flapping wings. Already, says Stout, the materials and knowledge are at hand. They weren't ten years ago.

When the age of universal flapping-wing flight finally dawns, Stout predicts that civilization will change its surface pattern to conform, with ground and rooftop landing spots and aerial traffic control. We will still keep our jets and multiengine prop-driven airplanes for speed, distance, and mass transport. But the flapping-wing plane will be the average man's aerial automobile. All this very possibly will take place during our time.

» » « «

Nuns With Earrings

NEAR the City Hall of Manila, there lives a convent of nuns who wear earrings and bracelets; they dress in cotton or rayon print dresses; they are called "Señorita" or "Miss" instead of "Sister." They take the same vows as other nuns.

They belong to the Institute of St. Teresa, which now has 63 houses and schools throughout the world. The institute was founded in Spain in 1911 as a cultural, social and missionary Order for the Catholic education of girls. Each member must have a college degree.

According to the will of her superior, a Teresian lives in a convent or by herself. She supports herself by tutoring or by teaching in a university. In her spare time she teaches catechism to the poor of the city.

The gold bracelet on her wrist carries a medal of St. Teresa of Avila, her Order's patron saint. She wears earrings because in her native Spain, earrings are a sign of femininity, not of vanity.

John P. Ashton.

What We Think of Each Other

Sixth of a series on a survey of religion in the U.S.

THERE are four major groups in the U. S.: Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and those who profess no religion.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST survey, covering only Americans 18 years of age and over, found out what three groups — Protestants and Catholics and Jews—thought about each other. No attempt was made to determine the feelings of the no-church group. It must be assumed they all have apathy, if not antipathy, towards the other three. In publicizing these results THE CATHOLIC DIGEST feels that it is contributing to the progress of tolerance. If there are tensions between the three groups we must know what they are before we can begin to remedy them. Promoting good will does little good if we don't know *how* and *where* it ought to be promoted.

What, for example, do Catholics and Jews think of Protestants? To determine this we selected three basic questions. The first question was: "Have you any ill feeling toward Protestants?" We may well be proud of our country when we see the answer: 81% of the Jews

18 years of age and over and 83% of the adult Catholics say they have no ill feeling. That is a tremendous majority. Translated into people, that means there are close to 3 million Jews and nearly 20 million Catholics who live in peace and personal friendship with their Protestant neighbors.

Do any of them have some ill feeling? Yes, 5% of the Jews and 11% of the Catholics say they have. That is a small percentage but it still amounts to 175,000 Jews and over 2.6 million Catholics. (*Ill feeling* is a vague term. This first question was made as general as it could be. Later questions determined just what kind of ill feeling.)

What of those who don't know? They are 14% of the adult Jews and 6% of the adult Catholics. If a person doesn't know if he has any ill feeling or not, it must be assumed he hasn't got very much, or none at all. We may then place those among the good sheep and conclude that 95% of the Jews and 89% of the Catholics are well disposed toward Protestants, or at least that there is little or no tension.

Do Protestants look down on Jews and Catholics? The accepted tradition is that "this is a Protestant country." That is not actually true, but the slogan has been repeated too often.

Great waves of bigotry swept over the country in the last century when newcomers arrived in America. Many of the newcomers (immigrants) happened to be Catholics and Jews and almost all of them were poor. They were looked down on by the old-timers, most of whom happened to be Protestants.

The answer to "Do they look down on you" was Yes: 16% of the Jewish and 22% of the Catholic grownups.

It is a pity that someone didn't ask that question in 1852. Our guess, and now we can only guess, is that over 90% of both groups would have said Yes.

However, if you add the No answers and the "Don't know" you see that 84% of the Jews and 78% of the Catholics do not think that Protestants regard them with disfavor.

Do Protestants interfere? The exact wording of this question is "Do you think Protestants as a group try to interfere with your religious beliefs or personal liberties?" It is not asked *if they do*, only if they *as a group* try to.

Again the answer is one the Protestants may be proud of: 82% of the Jews say No, as do 80% of the Catholics. Add the "Don't-

know" percentage, and you get 96% of the Jews and 88% of the Catholics.

There still remains 4% of the Jews, 140,000 people, and 12% of the Catholics, 2.8 million, who say that Protestants do try to interfere with their religious beliefs and personal liberties.

The purpose of the survey is only to report facts and figures. It is up to religious leaders and commentators to try to reason out why, and to decide what course of action is advisable in view of the facts.

We now turn to the feelings of Protestants and Jews toward Catholics. The same three preliminary basic questions were asked of persons 18 years of age and over in exactly the same way by experienced interviewers. The answers are of the same accuracy and reliability. Again, only facts are reported, facts on which an intelligent plan to promote tolerance of persons may be made.

Do Protestants and Jews have any ill-feeling toward Catholics? Yes: 24% of the Protestant adults say they have ill feeling, as do 15% of the Jews. This represents a formidable block of the American people, 17½ million of them.

This general question does not measure the intensity of the feeling nor its duration. It only discovers that there is such a vague, undefined attitude within the minds of that many persons. The exact wording of the question was: "Do you

think there is much ill feeling toward Catholics among most people of your religious preference, or not?

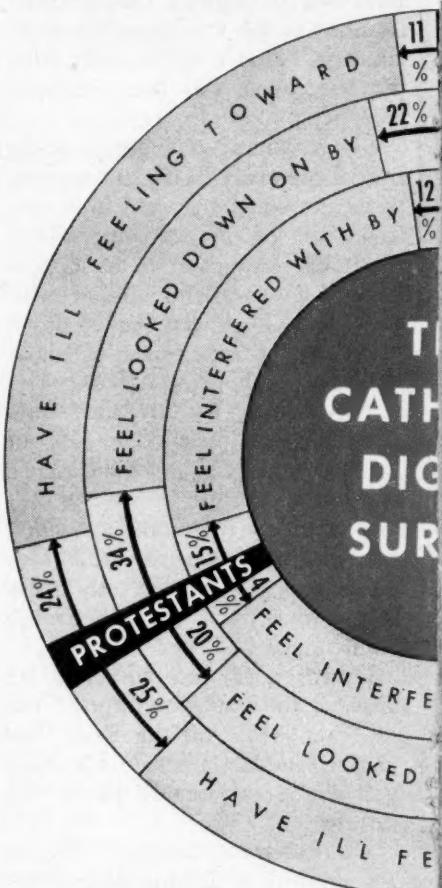
Only 6% of the Jews and 11% of the Protestants said they did not know. We may add those people to those who definitely said No, because if a person doesn't know if there is any such ill feeling it pretty well means he hasn't got it himself. The result: 85% of the Jews are without animosity, and 76% of the Protestants.

Do Catholics look down on Jews and Protestants? Yes, say 30% of the Jewish and 34% of the Protestant grownups. This does not mean that Catholics actually do. It only means that a million Jews and 24.2 million Protestants think they do. As such it is a measurement only of their attitude toward Catholics. It is for others to try to determine why they so think.

Here again you have a majority of mature persons on the right side. Adding the Nos and the Don't knows, we find that 70% of the Jews and 66% of the Protestants do not think Catholics look down on them. This figure certainly is a compliment to all concerned.

Do Catholics interfere? The question ought to be rightly understood. The exact wording is: "Do you think that Catholics as a group try to interfere in any way with your religious beliefs or personal liberties, or not?" It is a measure not of how much Catholics interfere but of how many non-Catho-

How Americans Feel



Here are 18 relationships. If you start at the clockwise, you discover that 21% of Catholics "ha-

Then proceed around the circle: 5% of the J-
around shows that 24% of the Protestants "ha-

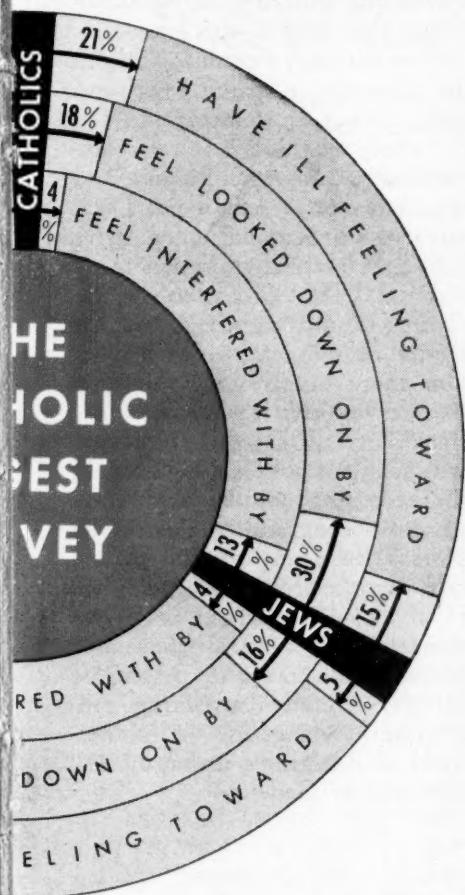
Now do it counterclockwise, starting in the
ill-feeling toward Protestants; 25% of Protesta-
have ill-feeling toward Catholics.

Read the middle and inside circles the same.

Or, read back and forth to compare: while
only 15% of Jews have ill-feeling toward Cath-

There are six relationships in each circle, 18 i-

1 Toward Each Other



At the top with "Catholics" and read the outer circle have ill-feeling toward" Jews.

Jews "have ill-feeling toward" Protestants. Further ill-feeling toward" Catholics.

same place. Read that 11% of Catholics have nts have ill-feeling toward Jews; 15% of Jews

21% of Catholics have ill-feeling toward Jews, olics, and so on in a similar fashion. n the entire diagram.

lics think they interfere, and therefore, a measurement of the attitude of Protestants and Jews.

The answer is: Yes, 13% of Jews think so and 15% of the Protestants. This adds up to a lot of people: 455,000 Jews, and 10.7 million Protestants. This is an unfortunate circumstance. On the other hand, 76% of the Jews and 74% of the Protestants say that Catholics do not try to interfere, and 11% of each group answer "Don't know." Every U. S. citizen should be proud of these 63.4 millions of American adults. Their attitude is what all of us should want all of us to have.

What do Catholics and Protestants think of Jews? This is the third part of the picture. It completes the examination of the attitudes between the three basic religious groups of America.

What about ill feeling? On the part of Catholics, 21% of the grownups (some 5 million persons) say there is ill-feeling, while 25% of the Protestants (about 17.8 million persons) say there is. Nothing here, nor in any previous survey, to our knowledge, indicates whether this attitude is increasing or decreasing. While 25% of Protestants have this attitude toward Jews, 24% of Protestants have the same attitude toward Catholics. While 21% of the Catholics show that deplorable attitude toward Jews, only 11% of them have the same attitude toward Protestants.

It is hopeful, however, that 75%

of the Protestant and 79% of the Catholic adults have no ill-feeling.

The attitude of superiority. Yes, it is present but in a lesser degree: 18% of Catholics and 20% of Protestants think that Jews tend to look down on them. The causes of this are not determined. In all cases they may be historical, cultural, religious or even economic. However, 82% of Catholics and 80% of the Protestants have no trace of that attitude. This represents 76.3 million persons over 18 years of age.

Do the Jews try to interfere? This is the crucial question in all three relationships. The first two show a mental attitude. This shows when that state of mind, given provocation, might spill over into action, and here we may all sigh with relief: only 4% of either Protestants or Catholics (the percentage is exactly the same) think that Jews as a group try to interfere with their personal beliefs and practices.

The majority of those grownups who answer a definite No is splendid: 84% of Protestants; 86% of

Catholics. Twelve per cent of the Protestants and 10% of the Catholics "don't know" this answer.

Now you may examine at leisure the diagram on pages 64-65 and make your own comparisons. On the whole we think it is a very encouraging discovery. Bigotry and intolerance of persons is not a real threat to our national unity. If we can agree in such majorities to allow our fellow citizen to live according to his conscience on the matter of religion, which touches him more deeply and intimately than any other, we are in a fair state. There is, however, no reason why religious leaders should regard the task accomplished and complacently congratulate themselves. Nor is there any ground discovered here why any individual (Catholic, Protestant, or Jew) should think he may personally promote intolerance of persons or groups without discrediting religion and endangering the brotherhood of Americans under the Fatherhood of God.



Heaven Had to Wait

SISTER was explaining to her 3rd grade children the joys and wonders of heaven. After several convincing minutes she asked how many wanted to go to heaven. All but one little girl raised their hands.

"Mary Lou," Sister asked surprised, "don't you want to go to heaven?"

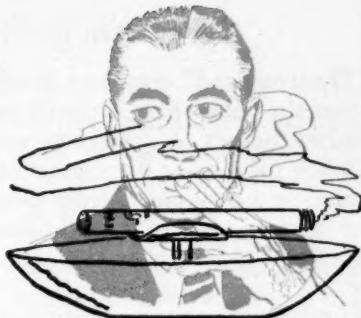
"I want to go all right, Sister," Mary Lou replied, "but my mother told me to come right home after school."

Joseph F. Beckman, Jr.

What Smoking Does to You

*With men who know tobacco best,
it's still a debatable question*

Condensed from *Changing Times**



OUT of one side of his mouth the American mutters about what tobacco does to his health, while out of the other side droops a smoldering cigarette.

We spend millions trying to prove that tobacco is harmful, yet we spend billions buying the weed. In fact, 70% of us are habitual smokers.

Most of mankind's ills have been blamed, by doctors, scientists, and mothers on this ancient habit.

At the same time, cigarette manufacturers have spent a great deal of our time and their money to convince us that smoking does delightful things for us and *never* hurts us. Almost all cigarette ads are completely phony, and quite silly; yet we accept them.

That's because all that a smoker really wishes is someone to tell him that cigarette (or pipe or cigar) smoking is a pleasant, harmless habit. Unfortunately, no one can truthfully say that. On the other hand, no one can say with absolute certainty that cigarettes cause

any serious harm to us physically.

There are, however, some facts that can help a smoker set the odds on one story or the other. Let's take a look at them.

Tobacco smoke contains a long list of chemicals, including no fewer than six poisons. But we take in such minute quantities of them that we have to worry about only two: nicotine and benzopyrene.

Nicotine is what makes smoking a pleasure, but it is also a very poisonous alkaloid. The nicotine in three to five cigarettes, injected directly into your bloodstream in a single dose, is more than enough to end your life. Standard cigarettes vary in nicotine content. In fact, there is likely to be a difference between cigarettes of the same brand, tobacco from the same field, and even leaves from the same plant. But on the average there is an output of 25 milligrams of nicotine from one cigarette. That is, of course, an infinitesimal amount. But for a chain smoker it can add up to quite a quantity.

*The Kiplinger Magazine, 1729 H St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. December, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the Kiplinger Washington Agency, Inc.

"Denicotinized" cigarettes usually contain about half as much as standard brands. A cigar nets you as much nicotine as five cigarettes; tobacco in a new pipe a trifle more than a cigar, and in a well-caked pipe about as much as one cigarette.

How much of the nicotine in smoke you absorb depends on how you go about smoking, but generally two-thirds is lost in the air, and of the other third, only a very small portion is taken into the body.

You get more, however, if you smoke your cigarettes close to the end, because the butt acts as a filter. King-size cigarettes produce less nicotine, because smokers tend to leave a longer butt. You get ten times as much nicotine, too, by smoking rapidly.

A filter can remove as much as half if you keep it clean. But you are likely to smoke closer to the end of the cigarette when you use a holder, thereby raising the amount of nicotine taken in.

If you don't inhale, your body absorbs only the fraction of nicotine that is taken in through the tissues of the mouth.

When you start talking about benzopyrene, you come face to face with the unpleasant question of lung and throat cancer. Does smoking cause it or not?

Benzopyrene is one of several ingredients found in the tarry resins produced when tobacco is burned. That tar is a cancer-causing agent,

a carcinogen, the scientists call it, but you get very little of it in your throat and probably even less in your lungs. That's especially true if you are careful not to smoke your cigarettes down to the end.

For at least 50 years scientists have been trying to decide whether smoking causes lung cancer. "For every expert who says smoking does cause lung cancer, there are at least two who say it doesn't."

To date, the evidence has not been conclusive. The scientists started out with two sets of facts. 1. Smoking has increased enormously in the last 25 years. So has the incidence of lung cancer. 2. Men have lung cancer far more often than women. And men have been smoking consistently a lot longer than women.

The trouble with these facts is that they may not be the whole story. For instance, we have become more industrialized in the last 25 years, too. Maybe fumes in the air are guilty.

Researchers have been hard at work. The most important project has been that of Dr. E. L. Wynder and Dr. E. A. Graham, who studied 684 cases of lung cancer in hospitals over the nation and compared their smoking habits with those of hospital patients as a whole.

They found that 96.5% of the men with lung cancer were moderately heavy smokers, ten to 15 cigarettes a day for more than 20

years, to chain smokers, 35 or more cigarettes a day for more than 20 years. Only 73.7% of the patients without cancer smoked that much. Doctors found that lung cancer occurred very rarely, only 2%, in nonsmokers or very light smokers.

Incidentally, 94% of these lung-cancer patients smoked cigarettes, 4% smoked pipes, and 3.5% smoked cigars. (The total exceeds 100% because some used tobacco in more than one form.) Almost all had smoked for more than 20 years before contracting cancer.

Sounds frightening, but there are plenty of ifs left hanging around. For instance, what about those few nonsmokers who turned up with lung cancer? If smoking was the cause, where did they get it? Why isn't cancer of other parts of the respiratory tract just as prevalent as lung cancer? And why isn't incidence of the disease beginning to rise among women?

So the argument rages. And a great many informed people, including the American Cancer society and the National Cancer institute, believe that the proof is not conclusive enough to indict cigarettes without a further trial.

That further trial began last fall under the sponsorship of the American Cancer society. Volunteers started taking detailed smoking histories of 210,000 men between the ages of 50 and 69 (the lung-cancer age). An analysis of findings will soon be completed.

The *British Medical Journal* has just reported that a four-year study showed death from lung cancer increases as tobacco smoking increases. "Our estimates indicate that the risk of dying of lung carcinoma increases with age, as is, of course, known, and in approximately simple arithmetical proportion with the amount smoked," the report said. Five thousand hospital patients were interviewed in the course of the study.

Associated Press (11 Dec. '52).

Once a year the interviewers will follow up to see whether their people have died, and if they have, from what cause. In two or three years, we should have some statistics that will give a definitive answer to the difficult tobacco-cancer question.

Meanwhile, if you smoke, bear in mind that lung cancer is almost 100% curable if detected in its first few months. So have a chest X ray annually at the very least. Some doctors think smokers over 40 should have X rays every three months.

Between times, see your doctor immediately if any of these symptoms occur: a persistent hacking cough, especially if it produces bloody mucous; night sweats accompanied by unexplained fever; hoarseness and transient wheezing.

So far as anyone can tell, smok-

ing does not cause heart disease. It may, however, be a contributory factor to it in certain susceptible persons.

Smoking may increase the rate of the heartbeat and, in some persons, cause tachycardia (racing pulse) or arrhythmia (irregular pulse). Puffing a cigarette can raise your blood pressure considerably for as long as an hour. And it also can constrict the blood vessels of the hands and feet, causing a drop in temperature.

Doctors, again, disagree. Many allow patients with inactive forms of heart disease to smoke moderately; the exceptions are cases of arteriosclerosis, congestive heart failure, acute cardiac infarction, and active rheumatic carditis.

It is generally believed that smoking reduces the normal contractions of the stomach, and that it probably decreases appetite and produces gastric acidity. These things do not necessarily harm the well person.

There seems to be, however, a tendency for smokers to have more than their share of ulcers. It might be that these people get ulcers and smoke for the same reason, because they are nervous. Nevertheless, there is a feeling that cigarette-produced acidity makes ulcers thrive, and many doctors, though not all, demand total abstention in their ulcer patients. Also, it has been fairly well proved that stopping smoking helps in the care of

gastric or duodenal ulcers and stomach spasms.

There are some things that scientists are pretty sure cigarettes don't do to you. Cigarettes don't seem to interfere with the production of a mother's milk or hurt the child who drinks it; harm the eyesight, unless you really are the worst kind of smokestack; do much of anything to the mouth and teeth, though there is some evidence of increased susceptibility to gingivitis.

Does smoking cut the life span of normal people? Here again, nobody has a final, clear-cut answer. The classic research on the problem was done in 1938 by Dr. Raymond Pearl, who surveyed the life span of 6,813 men, with an eye on their smoking habits. He found some rather sharp differences between death rates of nonsmokers and heavy smokers. Statistically, he projected his data to cover 300,000 persons at the age of 30, a third of them nonsmokers, a third moderate smokers, and a third heavy smokers.

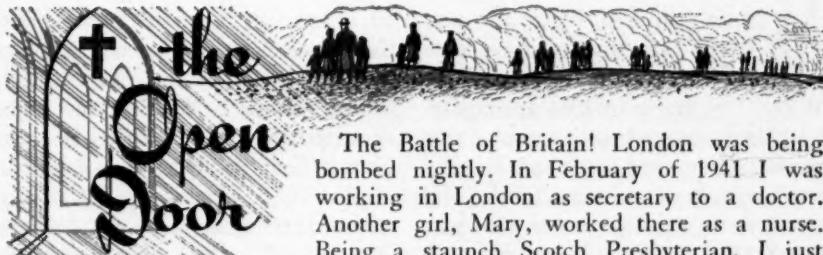
He figured their life span to be as follows. Of the nonsmokers, 66,564 will live to be 60; 61,911 of the moderates will; and 46,226 of the heavy smokers will.

Of course, it takes a statistical stretch to make 6,813 people represent 300,000, but the results are interesting. Again, some doctors place the blame for shorter life spans on nervousness and tension,

the same things that cause many people to smoke too much.

The answer, then, is still way up in the air. Perhaps in the next

decade we will know definitely where we stand. Meanwhile, smokers, being diehards, will keep on smoking, and worrying.



The Battle of Britain! London was being bombed nightly. In February of 1941 I was working in London as secretary to a doctor. Another girl, Mary, worked there as a nurse. Being a staunch Scotch Presbyterian, I just barely tolerated Mary as being one of those Irish R. C's.

On my return one evening from a symphony concert, I found that our house had had a direct hit and was in flames. I saw Mary being carried out on a stretcher, and I went to the hospital with her. On her deathbed she pressed her rosary into my hand. I asked her where she wished the rosary sent.

"It is for you, Dorothy," she said.

"No, Mary, you are making a mistake," I murmured.

"You will need it," she smiled, and died. I kept the beads.

The bombing steadily got worse. Some weeks later I went alone one evening to a piano recital. On arrival, I found that the recital had been postponed because of an air-raid warning. I ducked hastily into the nearest building.

Waves of organ music and lights, lights everywhere, met me. I was in a Catholic church. A beautiful Benediction service was taking place. I knelt, and lowered my head whenever I saw the people around me doing so. They were singing a hymn. A few minutes later a bell at the altar sounded loudly three times, and again I bowed my head with the others.

Suddenly I heard a magnificent voice from the altar, loud and reverent: "Blessed be God." The congregation echoed "Blessed be God." "Blessed be His holy Name." "Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man."

The beauty of it! Never had I witnessed such an affirmation of faith. The *Hallelujah Chorus* was as nothing compared to it. Tears sprang to my eyes. From that moment I was in heart and spirit a Catholic. I arranged for instruction the following day.

Dorothy Blair.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be returned.—Ed.]

Korea: Life Goes On

A people accept the lesser of two evils

By ROBERT T. OLIVER

Condensed from "Verdict in Korea"*

BEFORE THE WAR, Pusan, Korea, was a busy and pleasant seaport town, built along the bay. When I visited it in 1946 and again in 1949 it seemed to me one of the most attractive cities in all Korea: a place where one would delight to have a second home. It had 400,000 people.

The war converted Pusan into a gigantic slum. During the days of the Perimeter battle its population swelled to the impossible total of 1,200,000. Except for the main arteries of military transport, the streets were so crowded that you could hardly walk in them. Every building was swollen to bursting.

By the summer of 1951 the population had dropped to around 800,000, roughly two times normal. Korean homes were always crowd-

ed, even in normal times. Now the distinction between dwelling and business places disappeared. Shops selling goods by day were crowded by tightly packed sleepers on the floor at night. Small homes tripled their inhabitants by taking in refugee relatives and friends. Abandoned and weatherbeaten buildings were patched up and filled with people. Warehouses were subdivided into tiny cells, each occupied by a refugee family.

During the day, queues lined up before every pump. Children and women waited patiently in line for the bucket or two of water which must serve the family for all purposes during the day.

Hundreds of Pusan's moppets had taken to shoe-shining to earn something toward family support.



*Copyright, 1952, by Robert T. Oliver, and reprinted with permission of Bald Eagle Press, State College, Pa. 207 pp. \$4.

Competition was keen, and Americans in Pusan said that they never got such good shines before.

Other youngsters, presumably orphans, turned to begging.

One day a peculiarly appealing thin boy of about eight made me the professional beggar's scrape. I first waved him off, then yielded. I pulled out of my pocket a wad of 800-won notes (worth 15¢). I started to count off one after another, undecided what to give. He watched with feverish intensity. I ended by thrusting the whole bunch into his hand. His eyes popped open in disbelief, and his face lit up. I got added dividends when I glanced after him as he slipped along the crowded street. I saw him jumping and dancing with triumph and joy as he presented the small sum to a tired, ragged woman sitting at the curb with a baby clutched to her bosom.

"Don't help the beggars. It only encourages them," began to look a little less sound as a general rule of thumb.

Yet, desperate as the situation became, the amazing fact was that a general atmosphere of cheerfulness prevailed. Walking along the streets one passed constant lines of women squatting beside the walls. They had nowhere else to be while their nightly sleeping quarters were occupied as shops or workrooms. They took the opportunity for social talk that their normal lives seldom supplied.

The children poured into the streets in the morning like water from an emptied bowl. They were never without their games. There were probably fewer toys among Pusan's 400,000 children than would be found in an average American village of 2,500 population. But they don't need toys. They play interminably with a handful of pebbles which they adapt to a dozen different games. Where space permits, they play hopscotch. They squat around storytellers. They watch with wide-eyed interest the infinite variety of civilian and military life passing by.

Perhaps no other people at any time ever received such a prolonged, severe test of innate good nature and optimism. The test has been met successfully. "Down but never out" is a phrase that might have been invented for this crowded refugee center.

It is almost impossible to find one who hasn't lost a father, brother, sister, or other relative in the war. All the refugees, without exception, lost their belongings. Many were in comfortable circumstances back home, before the communist attack. Now they have nothing for today and only a vast uncertainty for tomorrow. They are the "lost children" of our time.

Yet it would be a sad mistake to picture them as lost in misery or despair. To them the war has meaning, for it is in defense of their personal liberties and national

independence. They know what communism is, and they know it is worth any sacrifice to resist it. Some of them were caught in Seoul during the first communist occupation of the city, and learned about communism at first hand.

I talked to a student of Seoul National university, who told me that he once had strong communist sympathies. He had read some of Marx, and had listened to many a siren song of "people's government" and "equal rights for all." Now, he said, he could tell people what he had learned through horrors that had sunk into his flesh and bones.

He and his father had lived for three months in the cramped space between the ground and the floor of their Seoul home, fed at night by his mother and sisters. Several times communist soldiers had searched their house and carried off everything movable. They had listened to brutal threats and heard his mother and sisters whimper under rough blows. A three-month reign of terror had torn the mask of Marxian idealism off the crude reality of totalitarian tyranny.

By contrast, the crowded but free life of the streets in Pusan seemed like a reprieve after living death.



How Your Church Can Raise Money

WE RAISED MONEY for our church by taking money out of the collection basket instead of putting it in.

Our pastor said he wished us to prove to ourselves that by using our talents we could make our "talents" grow for the good of religion. Thus, he told us, we would not only benefit our church but would enrich ourselves spiritually. In this instance he was more interested in proving a point than in accumulating a fund—but he did both.

A Sunday was appointed for return of the dollars and increment, and the parishioners set about putting their capital to work. No one hid his talent under a bushel.

A teen-age girl invested her dollar in apples and sugar. She sold candied apples at 10¢ each, and returned \$27 for her original \$1. Another of the dollars was spent by a shoe-repair man for heel taps for women's shoes. He kept on reinvesting the proceeds and realized a tidy sum for the church. A married woman was the most successful investor. She bought cake ingredients and sold cakes, and built her dollar up to \$50.

In all, the original \$250 taken from the collection basket was multiplied into \$1,200—enough for the down payment on purchase of a rectory.

D. F. Kelley.

Has your parish employed a novel and interesting plan for raising money? If so, write the CATHOLIC DIGEST. For each letter used, we will pay \$10 on publication.

Bishop Sheen on Television

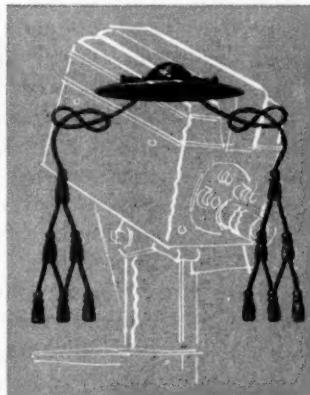
How he prepares for his show and what he thinks of it and of himself

By GRETNA PALMER

EVERY television program, from soap opera to grand opera, has a "final cause," although few producers would explain their purpose in so philosophical a way. The program aims at moving the watcher-listener to perform some act: he is meant to laugh or weep; to admire or to mail in a boxtop to a sponsor; to applaud or buy, or both.

But when *Life Is Worth Living* opens at the Adelphi theater in New York, on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock, EST, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen walks to camera and microphone with a unique end in view. He wishes to make people perform the act of consecutive thought.

"Every good television program is compounded of drama, which is action," Bishop Sheen told me, as he sat in his stage dressing room adjoining the now familiar set designed for him last season by the convert Jo Mielziner. "Very often," he said, "the drama is com-



pletely external to the members of the audience. Movement occurs on the television screen, and their only participation is to follow it with their eyes. But the programs which have a lasting effect require that the action be subjective, that the watcher himself shall play out the drama within his own mind and soul."

The bishop's program began in the rough-and-tumble of commercial competition, with his half-hour playing "against" both Milton Berle and Frank Sinatra. He is, this season, sponsored by Admiral Radio to the tune of \$1 million flat.

His Excellency's approach to the subject has a curious pedantry. But it is pedantry that pays, in terms of audience ratings,* mail response, and highly favorable reviews. American audiences, it appears, like their dramas played out within

*American Research Bureau rating for the program in its first week this season was 23.7, highest ever recorded for anyone on TV. Bishop Sheen was seen and heard in 2,380,000 homes by 5,700,000 people.

their hearts and souls rather than on any stage.

"Movement there must be," the bishop said, "if the minds of the watchers are not to stagnate through boredom. But there are many kinds of movement possible on television. Besides the so-called dramatic shows, there are panel discussions, in which several persons debate a controversial subject. This is movement, all right; but it is sterile movement. It has the same impact on the mind of the watcher as a collision of two or three automobiles. Its excitement comes out of clash and disorder.

"But our program takes advantage of the fact that reason itself is a form of movement. You might say that the listener makes a tour of some area of human thought, riding in the same automobile all the way, moving from point to point with the speaker.

"This journey of the watcher's mind gives him a sense of action, because his own mind is acting. He does not need the kind of external drama he would get in a cowboy program."

But few speakers would have dared, a year ago, to trust American audiences to find the movement of the reasoning mind exciting enough to compete with gag shows and be-bop. The bishop was one of the few Americans with such a faith—it had been born of his immense success as a speaker for 20 years on the *Catholic Hour* radio program and

in pulpits and on lecture platforms. The new medium merely expanded an audience he already understood how to touch and lead. There was only one new obstacle for him to overcome: distractions.

"Both in radio and television," says the bishop, "the real audience I try to reach is invisible. The several thousand persons in the Adelphi theater are not my audience, not the people with whom I try to set up a *rapport*. For my words are aimed at little family groups seated about their television sets in their own living rooms. Whatever makes me forget them, for a minute, is a disturbance.

"Now, television has an added dimension to radio, which is a great advantage. But it also is enormously more difficult for the speaker because of its mechanics, which distract the mind. There are the lights, the boom, the several microphones. Three cameras confront the speaker. A small red light tells him which one is in use, and he must watch alertly to be sure that he is facing it. Moreover, these cameras move. One of them approaching the speaker resembles a huge Cyclops' eye. Whenever I need most to concentrate on a difficult point or to remember a quotation, the camera comes closing in on me. That is an added challenge. That is why the new medium requires a more complete mastery of the material ahead of time."

Bishop Sheen approaches the

cameras barehanded, with no script, no notes, no prompter in the wing. Even in his mind there are no memorized passages except quotations from the writings of others. He has a bare outline, a skeleton of topics, as his sole mental baggage when he walks onto the stage and bows to the audience. How does he do it? This way.

The program is broadcast on Tuesday evenings. On the following morning, the bishop devotes his Wednesday holy hour to meditation on whichever one of three or four possible topics for the coming week then seems the most promising to him. (Bishop Sheen always rejects many more ideas than he uses, for sermons, lectures, telecasts.) Praying and meditating on the chosen topic in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, he gains new light into its layers of meaning. Some time later on Wednesday, a skeleton outline of the topic is then written out, and immediately destroyed.

The bishop's working days are busy with a multitude of other tasks: he has the brain-breaking job of national director for the Holy Father's Society for the Propagation of the Faith (one of whose subsidiary organizations, Mission Humanity, Inc., receives all the profits from the television show); he has a quarter of a million letters a year to answer; he edits two magazines and writes two syndicated columns a week; he has con-

verts to instruct, books to write, and sermons to give.

Yet, in each of the 26 television winter weeks, the bishop manages to complete some research into the topic he has chosen. Twenty years as a professor of philosophy at the Catholic University of America have stocked his mind with much of the wisdom on human problems piled up in the last 5,000 years. Reviewing this, in the pages of the philosophers and great dramatists, gives body and richness to his thinking on the topic for the coming Tuesday night.

As the week end draws near, the bishop devotes another of his daily holy hours to the subject of the address, and writes out another outline, to be again destroyed. By this time he has begun to weave around the concepts and main ideas some notions for concrete examples and analogies. The ideas are becoming clearer, and therefore more comprehensible to minds that do not

If Bishop Sheen's program, *Life Is Worth Living*, is not being telecast in your city, and you would like to have him appear there, organize a group of Catholic laymen to petition the local television station to have it shown, either as a live show on Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock EST, or, if that time is not available, on kinescope on any other day, except Sunday.

think in abstract terms. When the bishop is asked why some of his earlier books are so much more difficult to understand than recent best sellers, such as *Peace of Soul* and *The World's First Love*, he says, "I didn't know my subject matter well enough 20 years ago to make it easy for the unlettered."

Finding everyday language and comparisons for the big ideas of philosophy is a major task. Once in awhile, when Bishop Sheen is delivering a telecast on war or character or communism, some reference to a profound subject like cosmology is made. Only a minute percentage of the listeners can catch the full significance of these hit-and-run suggestions of Thomistic thought. The bishop is undisturbed by this. "Let each take from these talks whatever he is prepared to value and to understand," he says.

For several days, in the middle of the week that separates the programs, the bishop's mind lies fallow (fallow, that is, by his standards). But on Monday, the day before the telecast, he is ready to return to the subject. Then he gives himself the first of two "rehearsals." In these, the bishop, walking up and down alone in his study, speaks a program out loud for half an hour. In the course of these previews he is often tempted, by a happy turn of phrase, an apt analogy, to abandon his practice of taking no notes. Some of these ideas,

he knows, will often be lost forever. But it is his firm belief that it is better to abandon them; other ideas, and fresher ones, will come to him when he is actually face to face with the cameras. Meanwhile, no idea is worth the loss of spontaneity which would come from memorizing it.

"Advertisements on the air," the bishop told me, "often have a wooden sound. That is because they have been written down and smoothed out and written again, so that they no longer sound like spoken words. There is a different rhythm in spoken and written language. But if a speaker is so full of his subject ahead of time that he could talk on it for at least two hours without a pause, he need never be afraid of drying up or being at a loss for a new turn of phrase. These will always be given him, provided that his intention is truth and his goal the bringing of that truth to other minds."

The bishop, then, does not depend on "inspiration"; he depends on grace. At least half of the time before his phenomenally successful appearances, he does not feel in the mood for speaking. Only prayer then carries him through. He is often tired (he is a bad sleeper) and is sometimes molested on his way to the studio by overzealous admirers, who take his mind off the work in hand. On one occasion last season he received a piece of troubling news just before he had to

face the cameras. He "blacked out" for at least half the talk, and has no memory of anything he said. Members of the audience agreed that it was a particularly successful speech. The long preparation had somehow carried him through.

Prayer is his greatest prop. He stops in his chapel every Tuesday evening, before leaving for the broadcast, and offers the blessed Mother his evening's work. Just before going on the air at the Adelphi theater he disentangles himself from the demands of friends, autograph seekers, technicians, to get alone for final recollection.

On the stage itself, a Renaissance figure of the blessed Mother is on prominent display. Whenever Bishop Sheen has a particularly difficult point to make, he moves closer to her to implore her help. He feels that the most important of all features of the program revolves around this statue. "I am bringing Mary's presence," he tells you, "into the homes of millions of Americans who never knew her before."

The mechanical details of his performance are, therefore, trivial in comparison with his high motivation and his meditative approach. The fact that he is earning a pretty sum for the missions of the world gratifies him. Every penny of the proceeds from this program goes directly to the support of mission-run hospitals, schools, and leprosaria. Even so, he never concentrates on popular success, its contin-

uance or its possible failure. The supernatural and not the natural methods are the ones on which he leans, by temperament, training, and vocation.

As a result, no matter how exhausted he may be, he never asks for coffee or other stimulants before a broadcast. His last coffee of the day is taken at breakfast time. He finds posing for press photographers before going on the air the most unpleasant feature of his whole evening's performance. He longs to concentrate then, but he knows that this, too, is part of his work. (The reason why he dislikes still photographs so much, he says, is that they are always artificial and untrue to life, "they catch a gesture after it is finished.")

The bishop spends a short time each week watching television, partly for relaxation, partly to learn. One of the things of which he has become convinced, from seeing the performance of others, is that no television orator should ever sit down.

"A man on fire," he says, "would never take a chair. Sitting slows our thinking processes." Another idea is the immense importance of timing. In this respect, he thinks that among television performers, Rochester, the colored comedian, is perhaps the best in the amusement world today. Some ideas require rapid speech, some long pauses.

The program, as the bishop well knows, benefits from his occasional

lightness of touch (he refuses to have these relieving periods called "jokes"). When he is asked about the "running gag" of the "angel" who cleaned his blackboard and became a national institution in last year's program, he says, "But I never expected to have the 'angel' a part of the show when it began," or "Did it ever occur to you that the only way to cover a moment's embarrassment on the stage is by laughing at yourself?"

His program, he says, is not preaching, but teaching. Asked to distinguish, he explains that "you preach to those who already share your convictions, you teach those who do not." He has found that his program is enormously attractive to those outside the faith; he has, by his mail response, more Jewish than Catholic listeners. And he dislikes very much having his telecasts reproduced, anywhere, on Sundays.

"These talks are not sermons," he says. "They are not meant to help the already-convinced to act in accordance with their knowledge. They are meant to bring enlightenment.

Bishop Sheen's TV program is unlike his radio sermons of the past, and immensely unlike them in its impact on souls. In one year on television he has had more letters

from would-be converts than from all his years on radio. Why? "Sincerity is tested by the eye," he says. "A vacuum-cleaner salesman could not sell through closed doors. It is when he drags in his visible vacuum cleaner that people will listen to his offer. It is the same with supernatural truth as with the salesman's product: listening is not enough to make anyone sure he wants to buy."

Most of America is convinced of the immense success of the Bishop Sheen telecasts: articles on him have appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, *Collier's*, and other leading periodicals since he seized and held his position with one of the greatest television shows ever produced. Tests show that the programs are seen in almost 2½ million homes. Mail inspired by them reaches 1,500 letters a day. There is perhaps only one person who sees *Life Is Worth Living* as a sorry piece of work.

"I have seen myself kinescoped on television once," says Bishop Sheen. "I was horrified at the inferiority of everything I did, not only the presentation, but even the choice of material. It ought to have been so much better.

"If I saw my own telecasts for four weeks running, I would retire and never do another show!"

Overheard: "I admire a man who throws bread upon the waters without carrying along a basket to bring home the hundredfold." Raymond C. Otto.

Your Handwriting Tells All

Don't you think you should be allowed to know what your handwriting says about you?

Write what you will, Sister Charitas can read your secrets

By JOSEPH KNEELAND

Condensed from *Our Family** and *The Marianist*†

*Color, size, and shape
are so important*

SISTER MARY CHARITAS, a School Sister of Notre Dame in Chicago, wanted to make the most of her teaching ability. She succeeded by becoming an expert in handwriting analysis.

She can gauge a person's mental ability, physical energy, and tendency to things artistic, mathematical or scientific. She can describe his temperament, likes and dislikes, the way he walks or acts. She can discover traits of pride, jealousy, inferiority, restlessness, generosity, kindliness, temper, and independence.

"It's all there in a person's handwriting," Sister Charitas maintains. "After all, isn't it perfectly natural that people should express themselves in their writing, just as they do in their appearance, manner of speaking, or even in the way they walk down the street?"

"So I'm not divining the stars nor gazing into a crystal ball when I examine a handwriting sample,"

she points out. "I'm simply making a calculated guess, nothing more."

Her skill came to the fore about 18 years ago. It was at Mount Mary college, girls' boarding and day school in Milwaukee, where she was teaching. A Mardi Gras was being planned. The Mardi Gras ("elaborate name for an old-fashioned bazaar," she explained) would raise funds for the school and entertain the girls and their parents.

"I'll analyze handwriting," Sister Charitas proposed. "Only I'll charge a quarter at my booth. It will be the best bargain in the place, for the usual charge is \$3."

She was hidden from the public by a wooden screen dividing the booth in half. No one knew it was a nun who took the samples of handwriting as they were pushed through a slot. Nor could Sister see her clients.

One of the first men to have his writing analyzed went back three hours later with a new sample of

*The Marian Press, Box 249, Battleford, Sask., Canada, October, 1952.

†University of Dayton, Dayton 9, Ohio. February, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by the Marianist, and reprinted with permission.

his penmanship. He received exactly the same analysis. Word got around, and the line-up at the booth really lengthened. It was the only booth that had customers waiting throughout the ten hours. Typing out a quarter-page analysis at the rate of one every three minutes, the weary analyst did not leave the booth until 11 P.M.

Since then she has analyzed thousands of samples of handwriting. During the last war many of the girls at Mount Mary college asked her to analyze handwriting of their soldier boy friends. Business firms, factory workers, and others who had heard of her ability also sent requests.

One business president forwarded a longhand letter from a man seeking a responsible position. The executive wrote Sister Charitas that he was seriously considering hiring the man. She examined the writing, and did not like what it revealed. In her reply, she explained that she was only guessing, of course, but that she would question the man's honesty. She advised a thorough check of references.

The president wrote her two years later. He had not hired the man, but another firm had, and regretted it. The man had made off with company funds.

Another man wrote her that he was dissatisfied with his work, and had made up his mind to look for another job. He was undecided, however, what field to enter. After

examining his writing, she suggested that he would make a good newspaperman. He entered journalism, and wrote her a few years later that he was very happy in his work.

Sister Charitas became interested in handwriting analysis early in her teaching career. She would analyze what the pupils wrote in their essays and how they expressed themselves. They often revealed their underlying interests by the subjects they chose; their methods of expression disclosed family background; opinions reflected environment. Then Sister began to notice that many who had the same handwriting characteristics had similar personality traits.

As years went on, she gained skill. She would store away in her mind the personality traits and matching handwriting characteris-

Doctors, Too

A RECENT convention of physicians met with the American Graphological Society to discuss some startling new developments in handwriting interpretation. The meeting disclosed that experts can now detect from handwriting: character traits, signs of emotional disturbance (including paranoia and schizophrenia), tendencies to alcoholism, and evidences of some physical diseases. B. G. Seymour in *This Week* (16 Nov. '52).

tics of hundreds of persons she had analyzed.

When she goes about an analysis, she determines first of all if the writing is that of a man or a woman. This is important; it will result in quite different conclusions about otherwise similar samples. Then she attempts to associate the handwriting with that of one or more of the hundreds of persons she knows well. Sometimes the handwriting is practically identical; sometimes it varies significantly.

It is not necessary for her to read the thought content of what the person writes. A bit of impersonal writing will disclose as much.

Her analyses seldom contain generalities. She will say, "This person dresses as if she came out of a bandbox" or "She almost never wears anything but high heels" or "The writer of this is a pet in the family, perhaps an only child or the youngest."

Quite often Sister Charitas guesses the person's occupation. She wrote one woman that her mind and ability would equip her well for a job in the FBI. By return mail, the lady said she did work there. She analyzed another as one who could bake wonderful cakes and pies, and was told that the writer had owned a bakery for 18 years. She can spot draftsmen, artists (by profession or avocation), nurses, and schoolteachers quite often.

These are some of her observa-

tions. A person whose handwriting is legible but who consistently departs from letter forms taught in school is inclined to be independent. If someone were to call attention to his script, there would probably be a chip-on-the-shoulder air in his reply, "You can read it, can't you?" One who writes as he was taught is probably submissive to authority and open to suggestion.

Those persons who obviously write rapidly are quick in their actions. When rapid writing is coupled with heavy downstrokes on letters, the writer is inclined to be stubborn; if in combination with a heavy upstroke, he is willing to accept correction. If letters begin with an elevated curve before falling into the formation of the letter, a note of worry is conveyed.

A person who retraces letters indicates that he is somewhat self-conscious. Long up and down strokes on such letters as *l* and *p* denote the hero-worshiper, and one who is quick to see good in others. Such long strokes may be combined with light pressure and weak formation of letters. Then they imply that the person is easily influenced by others.

Peculiarities in the formation of letters indicate a note of vanity. They may be an *e* formed like the printed letter; or a final *t* with the cross-stroke nearly perpendicular instead of horizontal; an *i* with a circle instead of a dot; or a flourish-

ing bottom stroke on *g* or *y*. Such persons pretend nothing bothers them, but many things do. As in other actions, so also in writing, they are trying to conceal from others a feeling of inferiority.

Abrupt endings on *d*, *n* and *g* show determination, as do firmly planted dots on *i*'s and cross strokes on *t*'s. Those whose letters dangle off, especially if their writing takes a downward slant, are likely to be easygoing, not leaders, late for dates, easily discouraged.

From clues such as these, Sister Charitas can then develop many other details about people because she knows the qualities common to people with these characteristics.

For years she has been a student of psychology and human nature. She taught child and adolescent psychology at Mount Mary. She says a good handwriting analyst must understand people well, like them, wish to help them, and have experienced disappointments himself. She doubts that unscrupulous persons could ever become proficient in the art.

"Most people are fundamentally good," she explains. "I try to find the good points of their character and temperament as divulged in their writing. I try to encourage them to develop their good qualities, and then to correct their bad ones."



Faith That Moves Mountains

DURING California's second strongest earthquake in history, many people living within the suburbs of Los Angeles became frightened when plate-glass windows crashed and signs fell to the street.

Some of the people were surprised at the calm serenity of an old lady. One of them asked her, "Aren't you afraid, Madam?" "No," said the old lady, "I rejoice to know that I have a God who can shake the world."

Wilbert A. LaChine.



. . . And Pilgrims

BLESSED PIUS X often used to quote the saying of St. Francis de Sales, "A sad saint is a sorry saint." The Pope himself was always good-humored, and did not hesitate to poke gentle fun. During one audience, for example, he noticed a massively built pilgrim resolutely elbowing her way forward in an effort to gain a position in the front row. The Pontiff watched her for a moment. His eyes twinkled, then he smiled at her as he said, "My daughter, it is certainly true that faith moves mountains."

The Priest.

A Man of His Word

A contract was a contract to Sam, especially when that contract was with God

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

This story was first told to Mr. Zolotow by John Morahan, business-news editor of a New York newspaper. Zolotow changed names to avoid embarrassment to living persons, but the story itself is true.

SAMUEL KOPETZSKY was fleeing with his wife Rose from religious persecution when he emigrated to the U. S. from Russia in 1894. He arrived with \$10 in cash and the clothes on his back. He started out peddling ribbons and thread on a pushcart. When he had saved a little money, he opened a dry-goods store in uptown New York. But his frail wife sickened in the tenement atmosphere.

So Sam opened a small stationery store in Yonkers. The couple lived in two small rooms behind the store. The air was clean, and they had a thrilling view of

the river. Rose flourished, her emaciated frame filled out, and pink lit up her cheeks.

Sam made friends with everybody. He spoke with a heavy accent, but what he said he meant, always. His word was good. He regarded his life on earth as a gift from the good Lord. He felt that living a good life was keeping his part of a contract with God. He was an orthodox Jew in the old-fashioned style. He lived his religion.

The nearest orthodox synagogue was more than four miles from his home. But on Friday evening and Saturday morning, Sam walked to the synagogue and back, because it is forbidden to ride, work, cook, or play on the Sabbath. On his way to the synagogue one Sabbath, Sam saw a \$10 gold piece on the pavement. But he



*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Nov. 9, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Hearst Publishing Co., Inc.
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would not pick it up. That would have been to break his compact with God, as he saw it.

The landlord of his store broke his promises to keep it heated, and to paint the walls. Sam went to a lawyer, who told him that, under the circumstances, he could break his lease. Sam took a larger store, but he paid rent on the old one for the eight months his lease still had to run.

"A man puts his name on a piece of paper it should be like gold," Sam said. "A man's word is a holy thing. A contract is a contract, to keep."

Sam and Rose prospered. Around 1903, they had a son, Reuben, their only child. He was Sam's "kaddish"—the first son born is called that because the Kaddish is a short prayer in honor of the dead, said by all sons whose parents have died. Not to have had a "kaddish" would have seemed a tragedy to Sam.

Reuben ultimately graduated from Yale medical school. He interned at Bellevue hospital in New York City, where he fell in love with a Catholic nurse. But differences in religion meant little to Reuben. He had already changed his name to Ralph Cooper, and Sam never said what pain that might have cost him. Reuben believed there was no God, and that the Old Testament was a collection of folk tales. He ate the things that orthodox Jews did not eat, and he

did not go to the synagogue. He willingly agreed to be married in the Catholic Church, and pledged that his children should be baptized in that Church and be given a Catholic upbringing. It was a matter of indifference to him.

Sam watched the change in his son with increasing misery. His "kaddish" was gone. When Sam died, there would be no one to say a prayer for him, he thought. But there was nothing he could do.

Two children were born to Reuben and his wife. Then, when the children were eight and five, Reuben and his wife were killed in an automobile accident. The children were left orphans.

Sam and Rose took over the raising of them. And Sam achieved his finest hour as a human being. He continued their Catholic education. Every Sunday morning he led them to church, and waited outside for them—a patriarchal figure, bearded, solemn, with his black hat and his long black gabardine overcoat.

His friends told him he was crazy, but Sam insisted on carrying out Reuben's bargain. "My son's word is a holy thing," he said. "This is the most important contract a man could make, a contract with God."

"But, Sam," one of his cronies objected, "their God isn't our God."

Perhaps, then, Sam remembered the religious persecution from which he once fled. "There is a difference

among Gods?" he asked. Sam kept Reuben's contract with God so well that his grandson went on to become a priest.

Sam died before the storms of hatred and persecution swept Germany and Central Europe in the wake of the nazis, wiping out so many Jews. But the thing Sam believed in did not die.

Sam had a niece in Prague who survived the war. She knew that her father had relatives in the U.S. Through social agencies, she got in touch with Sam's grandson. He sent her passage money to America. She was surprised, when she arrived, to find that he was a priest.

But the priest told her the story of his grandfather's integrity. And she understood.

"I would not be here now if it were not for some friends in Prague," she said. "When Hitler marched into our country, and my father was arrested, I was visiting a woman who had been my best friend during our girlhood. But at the time I am speaking of, she was a nun. She said it would be dangerous for me to return to Prague. The nuns took me in, me, a Jew, and protected me."

She smiled sadly, with a faraway look. "I know my father's brother was right," she said. "God is one."

» » « «

20 Million Heroes

KARL MARX, in 1867 wrote: "There is but one alternative for Europe: either Asiatic barbarism, under Muscovite direction, will burst around its head like an avalanche, or else Europe must re-establish Poland, thus putting twenty million heroes between itself and Asia, and gaining a breathing space for the accomplishment of its social regeneration."

The London Tablet (8 Nov. '52).



... And Their Ghosts

A SKINNY GHOST and a fat ghost recently were talking on the docks of Gdynia, in Red Poland. "When did you die?" asked the thin one. "In 1939," replied the fat one, "when the Germans invaded Poland. What about you?" "In 1943," replied the first, "fighting the Nazis underground."

Suddenly at midnight, they were confronted by an apparition who was woefully thin, tired, and worn. "When did you die?" they asked.

"Die?" screamed the apparition indignantly. "I'm not dead yet. I'm on my way home from work."

This Week Magazine (7 Dec. '52).

Hysteria Over Hysteria

*The title has been changed, but it is
the same old convenient song*

By EUGENE LYONS

Condensed from the *American Mercury**

It USED to be that the smear word for the too-earnest anti-communists was *Red-baiter*. Timorous souls hid their hatred of communism for fear of the label. Today *hysteria* and *McCarthyism* serve the same purpose.

The theory that the U. S. is in the throes of unlimited hysteria, trampling wildly on customary freedom, is a fixed article of faith, among certain intellectuals. If they are to be believed, our recent election campaign took place in the midst of anti-Red hysteria amounting to a reign of terror, marked by black fear, witch hunts, character assassination, and thought control.

A haze of melodrama, complete with villains and heroes, surrounds the trumpeters of hysteria. At Swarthmore college in late 1951, for instance, "six bold men" staged a "gathering of the unterrified," to show that there "are at least six men who have not succumbed to hysteria." Six out of 160 million is not many, but still an item of hope.

Their little exploit demonstrated

that "Americanism is not yet extinct"; it is going, that is to say, but not yet gone.

It was in these exorbitant terms that Gerald W. Johnson, a Baltimore pundit, reported the episode of derring-do in a book review in the *New York Times*. What did the courageous sextette (five professors and a judge) do? Well, it appears that they gave a series of dullish lectures on American freedom today. They reached the unanimous verdict that it was near death. Whether they were risking their lives or only their livelihoods is not clear from Mr. Johnson's story; in any event, all six are still alive and at their accustomed jobs.

A man named Arthur Garfield Hays, one evening recently, opened his mouth wide on a television screen and shouted that in America no one dares open his mouth.

On another recent television program, *Meet the Press*, millions of us heard Bertrand Russell defend socialism while insisting that the expression of leftist views is proscribed here.

*11 E. 36th St., New York City 16. January, 1953. Copyright, 1952, by *American Mercury Magazine, Inc.*

Raymond B. Fosdick, president-emeritus of the Rockefeller Foundation, says you are open to charges of communism "if you favor fair-employment practices or are concerned about civil liberties; if you fight for the protection of the foreign-born; if you oppose religious prejudice or Jim Crowism." That is shocking news to millions of Americans engaged in these causes.

Bernard DeVoto, in *Harper's Magazine*, foresaw that soon "fuzzy-minded nincompoops are going to agitate for the dismissal of every college teacher who expresses" a conservative idea. "The hard-headed boys are going to hang the communist label on everybody who holds ideas offensive to the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers or the steering committee of the Republican party."

About three years have passed since this dire forecast was made. Frustrated legislators still find it tough going to hang the communist label on communists, let alone on dissenters from the NAM views.

Fellow-traveling teachers by the hundreds still fill our colleges. The prophets, undeterred, keep on yelling, "Hysteria!"

The people who cry hysteria have succeeded magnificently beyond our frontiers. In Europe recently, presumably well-informed people asked me in all seriousness

about the hysteria and terror sweeping the U.S. They took these rhetorical charges quite literally. They visualized mob violence, kangaroo courts, subversives dangling from lampposts, and all "independent thinkers" cowering in cellars. My denial had little effect, I fear.

A British publication called *Books of the Month*, presented an article by the librarian of the University of California, Lawrence Clark Powell, which stated, "In this time of inquisitional nationalism, I know that I run a risk in confessing that I possess a French doctors' degree and own an English car. And what dire fate do I court when I say that I prefer English books?"

Statements like Dr. Powell's are shrugged off as self-evident imbecility here, but people believe them in Europe. Prof. Alexander McBeath of Queens university, Belfast, Ireland, said that in the U.S. "dissent is regarded as disloyalty, criticism as an unfriendly act, and a difference of opinion as disaffection." The London *Daily Herald* warned that "hysteria about communism is making a dent in America's claim to call itself a democracy."

The normally sane London *Economist*, reviewing Owen Latimore's *Ordeal* with naïve credulity, says, "It is also an unfortunate fact that nobody who is tried in the U.S. on any charge which sug-

gests, however remotely, disloyalty can expect at this moment to have a fair trial." The *Economist* seems unaware that even the Civil Liberties union gives our courts good marks for fair-and-square conduct.

Bertrand Russell informed readers of the Manchester *Guardian* that the U.S. today is as much a police state as Russia under Stalin or Germany under Hitler. "Nobody ventures to pass a political remark without first looking behind the door to make sure no one [is] listening. If by some misfortune you were to quote with approval some remark by Jefferson you would probably lose your job and find yourself behind bars."

Our one consolation, as we face the propaganda portrait of an hysterical America, is that it implies a nation of heroes. The unterrified seem roughly equal to our entire population. Heedless of the awful risks, Americans continue to quote Jefferson, express unpopular views, champion minority causes, and, in general, behave as usual.

It is almost a pity to spoil this picture of universal valor by insisting that the whole tale of terror is a phony. The American people finally have learned some of the facts of life about communist conspiracy, espionage, false fronts, infiltration. More and more of their earnings are being soaked up by the cold war. Their sons are dying in a hot war with communists in Korea. Against this background,

the country has remained remarkably calm and tolerant in its search for remedies within the framework of traditional freedoms. A better case, in fact, could be made out for general apathy than for hysteria.

The Communist party has not been outlawed. Its mass meetings, "peace" movements, and other mischief-mongering have not abated. Organizations formally labeled subversive are still doing a brisk business at the old stand. Communist-controlled trade unions still function as accredited bargaining agencies in industries vital to national security.

The best test of a nation's state of nerves is in its administration of justice. That, no doubt, is why distant critics like the London *Economist*, having swallowed the hysteria myth, take it for granted that American justice is a shambles. Yet our courts have been bending backward to give accused Reds the benefit of every legal loophole. Judith Coplon, convicted by jury, is free on a technicality. Fully identified traitors are protected by statutes of limitation. Hundreds of communists, on the plea of self-incrimination, find cozy shelter behind the same Bill of Rights which they claim is being ignored. The Supreme Court has made a number of rulings favorable to the Red-front outfits. The trials of communist leaders under the Smith act drag on for many months precisely because of the meticulous obser-

vance of the rights of the defendants.

The prize exhibit of alleged thought control is the University of California loyalty oath. But the hysteria boys slur over the most telling fact in that episode: the fact that the oath was killed by due process of law. The usefulness of loyalty pledges is open to question. What needs to be noted, however, is that teachers have not only refused to sign but have made their refusal stick.

Some 3,000 professors have chalked up a total of 26,000 communist-front affiliations in recent years; the dismissal of a handful of them attests long-suffering patience rather than a witch hunt. More than 160 professors publicly sponsored the notorious Waldorf-Astoria "peace" conference, a frankly Soviet show, and 112 sponsored a Bill of Rights conference addressed by Communist-party leaders. Not one of those educators has lost his job on this account. The American Association of University Professors could hardly have been terrified when it formally approved employment of communists as teachers several years ago, a policy to which it still adheres.

For a community of the gagged, educators seem to be strangely vociferous in support of Stalinist causes. A study of addiction to Red false fronts shows its incidence to be highest among educators. They make up over 25% of those who

join communist-controlled activities and step into communist booby traps. Evidently they are terror-stricken of the chance of being mistaken for conservatives. Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis university came close to the realities when he wrote, "The only scholar, the only type of student, who is still forced into a defensive position on American campuses today is the conservative teacher or student, the religious teacher or student."

There is a grim joker in the hysteria over hysteria. It is the attempt to equate communist conspiracy with free speech, independent thought, dissenting opinion, academic freedom. That's the psychological gimmick: to extend these noble values to cover spying, theft of official secrets, plotting, lying under oath, and covert corruption of young minds. This, as Peter Viereck points out, conveniently confuses criminal deeds and the preparation of criminal deeds with civil freedoms.

Undoubtedly many of the fomenters of hysteria over hysteria are truly concerned with freedom. They are the parrots, dupes, dopes. Their confusion stems from the premise that communists, "despite everything," are a species of social crusaders.

But as far as the conscious comrades and fellow travelers are concerned, the goals of their strategy are fairly obvious. In the measure that they succeed, they adroitly

transfer blame from the accused to the accusers. They intimidate those who would expose Stalin's crowd. At the same time they promote the fairy tale, so helpful to their operations, that effective resistance to Red skulduggery is impossible within the limits of the Bill of Rights. Which is nonsense. The Founding Fathers could hard-

ly have intended to leave their republic powerless to hunt out those dedicated to its destruction.

The hysteria bogey must be demolished to clear the road to a more effective struggle with the communist menace, which is the central task of this period. The danger today is not hysteria but complacency.



I Spy

Two of the best espionage jobs done for the U. S. in the 2nd World War were carried out by the late Wendell Willkie and former Vice President Henry A. Wallace.

Willkie took a junket to Russia, flew all the way across to China, and looked over considerable territory by air. The "friendly" Russians gave him maps so he could follow the terrain from the air. Willkie was sharp enough to realize the value of what he had in hand and to talk his pilots into letting him keep the maps.

Back in Washington, Willkie turned over 17 excellent Russian maps to military intelligence. They have proved most useful, particularly in studying the new industrial area east of the Ural mountains. The Russians, of course, learned what happened, later. But they were stupid enough to let Wallace get away with the same gag on his trip to Russia.

A few packs of cigarettes brought in another rich haul which is still the delight of the Army Map service in Washington. Just after the fall of Berlin, an American officer happened onto a few Russian infantrymen kicking through a batch of maps. He traded the cigarettes for the maps, ordered up a truck, and rushed off a full load before anybody realized what had happened. These were Russian maps of the entire western part of the Soviet Utopia. When the Reds found out what happened, a strong letter of protest went directly to General Eisenhower. Legend has it the letter got lost or something.

The *Pegasus* (July '52).

Religion in My Life

She stopped taking God for granted when she broke her back

By ANN BLYTH

Condensed from *Guideposts**

WHEN I was a very little girl I prayed fervently for a pair of red wings. After several days of waiting and watching, I spread my shaken faith out before my mother.

"Why," I demanded, "don't I get some red wings?"

My mother had, skillfully balanced with her sensitive Irish wit, enormous respect for a serious problem. The two of us examined mine. "Faith, my darling," she told me, "is believing that God is very wise. Wiser than you. Somehow you must be praying wrong."

As I grew older I was filled with gratitude that I need not walk through life wearing red wings. But, I was equally grateful for her gentle lesson.

Mother's tiny body wasn't nearly as big as her heart. She worked very hard, yet I never heard her

complain. In our walk-up flat on New York's East Side she would jubilantly finish a batch of ironing for her select Park Ave. clientele.

Then she would call to us to admire its crisp freshness. Sometimes it was a close shave scraping together money for my singing, dancing, and dramatic lessons, but she never told me of it. Instead, she taught me that faith was the only sound foundation for lasting joy.

She dreamed dreams about my wonderful future as an actress. At eight, nine, and ten, I began getting radio and stage bits. I would try for something better, and fail. Then she would smile her wonderful smile, and put a pert new feather in my hat, and together we'd go to St. Boniface's to pray.

"Just have faith, my darling," she'd say cheerfully as we walked



*Pauling, N. Y. December, 1952. Copyright, 1952, by Guideposts Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

home in the fading light. "Something better will come." And it did. It came so fast it was like riding a giant roller coaster clear to the top. We two looked out over the whole world. At 13, I was on Broadway as Paul Lukas' daughter in *Watch on the Rhine*. At 14, I had dinner at the White House. At 15, I came to Hollywood and was given the coveted role of Joan Crawford's daughter in *Mildred Pierce*. Life was glamorous, exciting.

We had finished *Mildred Pierce*, and mother took a group of us to Snow Valley, a spot in the San Bernardino mountains. My friends and I went tobogganing. Down the hard-packed hillside we sailed like snowbirds; then there was a crash. I fell on my back.

I didn't cry out. The feeling was too big for that. At the hospital the doctors were grave; my back was broken; I might never walk again.

My glowing world crumbled. It seemed like the end of everything.

When at last I raised my head, I was startled. Mother's warm hazel eyes under her crown of auburn hair were actually smiling. "Have faith," she said. "You'll walk."

Mother and I planned cheerful, busy days. In a cast, with my head and feet toward the floor, my back raised high, I concentrated on my high-school work.

But still there were those long periods of just lying there. The exciting world I had known faded away and my life slowed down to

little things. But even here I found myself blessed, for a new sense of prayer began to unfold to me.

In seven months, they told me I could walk; not really walk, but take those first important few steps on the long road back to complete freedom. As I had drawn closer to God in my time of trial, I now raised my heart and mind to Him in thanksgiving.

I took those steps, and then more. I graduated with my class from a wheel chair.

There were seven months in and out of that wheel chair, but every one was another step forward.

Now, at last, life went on again. Only, not quite the same. I found within me an immense gratitude for simple things. I had an acute appreciation of all I might have lost, of all the things I had accepted unconsciously before. And there was one more difference: I had grown up. At first I had clung to my mother's faith, leaned on her, step by step as she showed me the way. Now, I had found my own rock. Nor did I find it too soon.

Before I finished that first picture after my accident I was standing alone. My mother, beloved companion, was gone. A little unsteadily I clung to my rock.

I missed mother. I felt an aching emptiness. But then it came to me that she had not left me. She had prepared me for her going as she had prepared me for everything else I'd met in life.

Buy Out the Government

*For \$27 billion, U.S. citizens could buy
all government-owned enterprises*

Condensed from the *Pathfinder**

FROM all over the U.S. to ex- Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson's home in Scarsdale, N.Y., letters are coming from farmers and farmers' wives, economists, college professors, bankers, government workers, and private enterprise employees. All want the same thing. They wish to cash in their government bonds for a better slice of the U.S. than the bonds seem to represent.

The letters are a result of an idea Wilson gave the U.S. in October: turn over all government-owned enterprises, rubber plants, power plants, atomic energy plants, everything—to free enterprise. This wasn't the first time the idea had been urged.

But the new angle was this: Wilson proposed converting government-owned enterprises into stock companies and selling them to the holders of government bonds.

Wilson said his proposal has six great things in its favor. It will:

1. Reduce the national debt by 10%, or about \$27 billion.
2. Re-

duce interest on debt by around \$750 million a year.

3. Produce a large annual tax yield from properties which now require taxes to support them.
4. Give more people an actual share in U.S. production, and added security from income.
5. Break the trend toward socialistic "public" ownership.
6. Slow up the drive of bureaucrats for more Big Government.

"This idea got hold of me," Wilson said, "back in 1946. It kept bobbing up. I was bothered because the national debt kept getting bigger. That year we were undertaking things which meant more and bigger additions to the debt."

"Down in Washington," he said, "I've watched our creeping paralysis of socialism at work. We have to launch a second era of trust-busting and we need a bigger stick than Teddy Roosevelt could ever swing. If the concentration of power by business was bad for our country, and it was, then the concentration of power by government is equally bad. And it is. So, if Americans

*1323 M St., N.W., Washington 5, D. C. Nov. 5, 1952. Copyright 1952 by Farm Journal, Inc.,
230 W. Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

still believe in this system, let's start practicing that belief.

"Our national debt today is approaching \$270 billion. Suppose we cut that by about 10%. This saving is not the main purpose, though the sum involved is considerable."

The real purpose, he said, was to let all Americans buy shares in America. Make them stockholders "in the true sense instead of forcing them as taxpayers to finance undertakings beyond their choice and control." The public power and water projects, and all other government business enterprises, he argued, should be sold to the people who own government bonds. Bonds would be exchanged for shares of stock in the new compa-

nies to spring from plants now owned by the government.

The Council of State Chambers of Commerce in Washington, D.C., has released a statement advocating that the government turn over to private enterprise all those businesses which the government has handled "with indifferent success, not excepting the Post Office." Congress has already approved appraisal and sale to private industry of 26 government-owned synthetic rubber plants.

The letters of approval keep pouring in. Editors of more than 100 newspapers have endorsed the proposal. "All in all," said Wilson, "it is the most gratifying reaction I've had to an idea in all my life."



I think we can AVOID WAR if:

More of us meet more often together on our knees in the spirit of the truly great men of our nation. It was on his knees on the icy snows of Valley Forge that the Father of Our Country found strength to go forth and found a new nation for God. It was the same spirit that guided Abraham Lincoln when he said, "I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of those about me proved insufficient

for the day." It was likewise in this same spirit that General MacArthur uttered those inspired words in his historic address before Congress, "The problem basically is theological, and involves a spiritual recrudescence, an improvement of human character that will synchronize with our almost matchless advances in science, art, literature and all material and cultural developments of the past 2,000 years. We must be of the spirit if we are to save the flesh."

Paul Avallone.

[For similar contributions of about 100 words, filling out the thought after the words, I think we can avoid war if, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts will not be returned.—Ed.]



Adventurer in Cathay

Matteo Ricci was the first Christian invader of the forbidden land of China

By DANA THOMAS

Condensed from "Crusaders For God"*

I T IS LATE afternoon in the Chinese city of Chao-K'ing. The streets are thronged with shoppers. Under green and yellow awnings painted with dragons and deer, alchemists offer to turn base metals into silver.

Mandarins in winged caps and shiny black leggings ride arrogantly on the shoulders of attendants who open a way through the crowds with sticks. Peddlers sail their boats under the great carved bridges, through canals that run up to the very doors of their customers. The peddlers are selling fruits, vegetables, catfish, and carp.

Aloof from this bustling populace are the houses of the magistrates, surrounded by magnificent gardens in which bronze-carved deer and magpies spout jets of water into the air.

In the living room of one such house, a tea party has just come to an end. The host and guests are saying their good-bys with elaborate ceremony. They bow to one another until their heads touch the ground. One of the visitors lingers behind the rest. As he steps leisurely into his sedan chair, his host bends over to him and murmurs, "We always have a pleasant chat

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together when we meet. Do we not?"

The guest smiles and inclines his head in agreement. He is tall, lantern-jawed, with long flowing hair and a great black beard. His gown is embroidered with a flower pattern. It is girdled by a sash with an insignia showing that he is a mandarin of the highest rank. But his eyes are startling. They are not slanted in the oriental fashion. And they are blue!

"It was a very pleasant gathering, Tchu-ain," he replies to his host. "I particularly enjoyed the actors you hired to entertain us. I haven't seen a more amusing comedy in years."

He bows slowly once again, his hands concealed in his wide-flowing sleeves, and he motions for his attendants to carry him home. He crosses a bridge over the Sinkiang and arrives at a one-story building of European design that seems strangely out of place in this city of Buddhist temples.

He alights, and goes through a large circular hallway into a room furnished in amazing fashion. Packed closely from wall to wall are astronomers' globes of various shapes and sizes. There are also clocks wrought in metal and alabaster and fashioned in the images of windmills and church spires, prisms sparkling with the colors of the rainbow, a variety of music boxes, sun dials, quadrants, and astrolabes. On the walls hang oil

paintings by the finest painters of Europe.

An assistant behind him speaks. "Father Ricci, I am relieved every time you return safely. How long can we keep up this double life? I don't have to remind you what happens to any foreigner discovered inside China. We did manage to slip inside this city, and you have won over the governor with your astronomical instruments. But suppose the governor is removed from office tomorrow? What if the emperor learns of our presence?"

Father Ricci regards his assistant with a twinkle. For months he has heard this complaint from him. "But I am not a foreigner, Bruneschelli. I speak Chinese as well as the emperor. I know the books of Confucius better than most native doctors of philosophy. And besides," he shrugs his shoulders, "we all live as long as we can and then we die. Do you know any other prescription for happiness?"

He walks to the window and looks out over the river. Numerous lanterns light up like fireflies on the moving junks. The sky is a deep twilight blue, as delicate as glazed porcelain. Matteo Ricci's thoughts go back to another body of water, the blue Adriatic, that washes the shores of Italy near the village where he was born in 1552.

HIS BOYHOOD had been exciting. Italy was in its glory; Titian had caught the beauty of the sunset and

Dante had written of paradise and hell. Matteo's father was a high official in Macareta, one of the Papal States. In his villa he wined and dined politicians from Rome, a senator or two from Venice, and influential men from Piedmont. His heart was set on his son's becoming a lawyer and following a career in government.

He sent Matteo to Rome at 16 to study law. For three years all went well. And then, suddenly, the boy returned to Macareta and told his father he was abandoning his profession.

"What then will you be? A strolling actor?" asked his father sarcastically.

The young man walked quietly over to the clavichord, sat down, and ran his fingers over the keyboard. He picked out a fragment of a theme from Palestrina. "I want to enter the Church."

His father's face reddened. "But that's preposterous. I have a career all mapped out for you. I have all the connections to make you a man of influence. How dare you leave your studies without consulting me?"

The young man stood up. In this room was all the luxury and beauty that money could buy. Here were exquisite heads by Donatello and Della Robbia modeled in Carraran marble, paintings by Tintoretto to delight the eye, wines from Capri to stimulate the senses. But there were many things money

couldn't buy. There were things more necessary to some men than success.

"I want to serve the Church as a missionary. I want to enter the Jesuit Order and become a master in theology and science. I want to learn all I can about the physical world and bring my knowledge to people whose minds are sealed."

FOR 12 years Ricci studied the movements of the planets with Father Clavius, the brilliant astronomer. He learned the latest advances in geography revealed by the explorations of Da Gama, Columbus, and Magellan. He studied the architecture of the ancient Greeks expressed in the beautiful buildings of Bramante and Sansovino. He saturated himself in the politics and ethics of Aristotle and the poetry of Ariosto. Methodically, painstakingly, he sharpened his intellect on the whetstone of the Renaissance until he became an expert interpreter of the intellectual awakening that had, since the 15th century, directed the thinking of the Western World.

At 26, the young Jesuit was ready to take his knowledge to remote places. Volunteering for service in the Orient, he sailed for India. Those shores Vasco Da Gama had first reached 70 years before to open up trade and exchange of ideas between Europe and the Far East.

When he arrived at Goa, a

Portuguese trading center on the west coast of India, Father Ricci was put to work teaching in the Jesuit College of St. Paul. He also served for a time at Cochin. Because of his exceptional qualifications, he was then sent on a special assignment to the Portuguese colony on the island of Macao.

MACAO was—just as it is today—one of the strangest places on earth. It was a toehold on the mainland of China where millions of people had for centuries been shut off from the rest of the world. Though the Chinese government despised foreigners, it had permitted Portuguese traders to settle on the rocky island of Macao at the mouth of the Canton river. They did this in return for Portuguese protection of Chinese ships against pirates raiding the coast. However, the colony was sealed off from China proper by a wall that had only one gate. Armed men guarded the gate day and night.

The Portuguese had permitted the Jesuits to establish a training school for missionaries on the island. Upon Ricci's arrival, he was introduced to Father Alessandro Valignani, the superior of the missionaries in the Far East. A man of tremendous drive and practical intelligence, Father Valignani had long been studying how to establish a mission in China.

His glittering black eyes held Matteo Ricci like a vise as the

young missionary entered his study. He gripped him by the hand and led him to a window. "There she is, the vast, mysterious country," he said.

"For 17 years we have been looking at her through this window, and always the gate is shut. To the north there is the great Chinese Wall that holds back the world for 1,200 miles; to the west, the desert and mountains; to the south and east, the sea. For almost 300 years, ever since Marco Polo left Peking, we have been trying to get inside. Many missionaries have made the attempt. Most have never been heard from. A few have returned to announce their failure."

He turned from the window and faced Matteo Ricci. "To attempt to get inside the empire means probable death. The Portuguese would not risk losing their trade with China by lifting a finger to help any missionary seized by the Ming emperor. We are recruiting the very best brains to find a solution to this problem, and that is why we have sent for you, Father Ricci."

The young Jesuit immediately plunged into the training that was required of all missionaries at Macao. For two years he applied himself to the Chinese language spoken at the court. He familiarized himself with the writings of Confucius. Day and night he studied the problem of gaining entrance into the Celestial Empire.

There was one exception to China's rule against foreigners. Twice each year a limited number of Portuguese traders from Macao were permitted to go ashore for a month at Canton to set up bazaars and barter goods. Every day at sundown, the traders had to go back to their ships. And promptly, when the month was over, they were required to sail home.

This custom gave Father Ricci an idea. "On the next trading date, I'd like to go ashore as a Portuguese merchant," he told Father Valignani.

The superior smiled. "A clever idea, Father Ricci. But it already has been tried. Father Ruggieri went ashore that way. He was constantly watched by the Chinese, ordered to his ship each sundown, and sent home with the others. He could find no way at all of staying on the coast, let alone moving into the heart of the country."

"What do the Portuguese sell the Chinese?"

"The usual things: amber, furs, jewelry."

"Do the traders meet any officials during their stay in the country?"

"Representatives of the provincial governor frequently visit the bazaar to make purchases for him."

Father Ricci mulled over this and said, "I have a plan. It's worth a try." He added with apparent irrelevancy, "Often it is best to introduce oneself with a melody. A tune has an irresistible appeal."

The superior, although puzzled by Matteo Ricci's remark, asked no questions. He gave him permission to accompany the traders.

Father Ricci sought out his colleague, Father Ruggieri, who had previously been ashore in an effort to bargain with the governor's agents. And with Father Ruggieri's help, he worked out the details of his plan.

SIX MONTHS later, Matteo Ricci stepped ashore at Canton with the Portuguese, and set up a colorful booth. But he did not display the conventional wares of his fellow traders. Instead, on a mahogany



stand painted with flowers he presented a novelty that immediately caused a sensation among the crowds. It was something that had never been seen by the Chinese in their thousands of years of civilization. It was a clock carved in alabaster to represent a merry-go-round. Figurines on horseback were spaced around the circular dial. Every 60 minutes, after the final note of the hour was struck, the horses revolved around the dial to music.

The clock had been designed by a famous maker in Venice and presented as a gift to the Jesuits in Macao. But the inspiration for making this very practical use of it was Father Ricci's.

Whenever this amazing clock struck the hour, all the other booths were deserted by the crowds, who gathered about Father Ricci. His clock became the talk of the town. One morning two magnificently dressed officials strode into the missionary's booth.

"The governor has heard about your wonderful machine," said one. "He has asked us to make inquiries about it."

Father Ricci bowed low. "I will be happy to explain everything."

The first official folded his fan with a snap and pompously thrust out his chest. "Who sings the merry music when the hour strikes, the god of earth or of heaven?"

"The god of mathematics," replied Ricci wryly. "This works on

the principle of the pendulum."

The officials looked at him blankly. They asked several more questions, received answers with the same bewilderment, then turned on their heels and strode off.

The month's stay was rapidly nearing its end and the merchants were making preparations to depart for Macao when the officials returned to the booth and announced that the governor wished to buy the wonderful clock. They were prepared to weigh out whatever amount of silver was necessary.

"His Excellency may have it as a gift," replied Father Ricci. "I am pleased it has made such an impression on him."

But when the officials left with the clock, the missionary remembered that this was his last day in China. The ships were sailing at dawn. Late that afternoon as he was taking down his booth, the officials came back in tremendous excitement.

"The beautiful clock has stopped. The god of song is silent. The governor waits in vain for the striking of the hour and for the tune that has thrilled his heart."

The other snapped his fan vigorously. "Our political careers are finished unless this clock finds its voice immediately. What spell have you cast over it?"

A sheepish look came over Father Ricci's face. "I must have for-

gotten to wind it," he answered. "The clock has run down."

"The governor has set aside a suite in the palace for your immediate occupancy. You are exempt from the order to leave China, at least until you have made the clock sing again."

AND so Father Ricci moved into the governor's palace in Chao-K'ing, the capital of the province, because of the tune of a merry-go-round.

Once he was there, the ingenuous man remained. It was possible for the governor to overlook, for a time at least, the emperor's ruling against foreigners because communication with the interior of this vast kingdom was very poor. The emperor, shut away in his palace in Peking, had delegated immense authority to his provincial governors.

Father Ricci kept the governor spellbound with his learning. He taught him how to wind the clock.

Through the cooperation of the customs authorities, he imported other novelties to bedazzle his patron. He even succeeded in bringing several lay assistants into Chao-K'ing.

Even when his patron was removed from office, Father Ricci succeeded in winning over his successor.

One day he said bluntly to the new governor, "I am a priest. I

would like to build a temple here in Chao-K'ing in which to worship God."

The enthralled politician could deny Father Ricci nothing. "There is a Buddhist temple called the Flowery Tower on the left bank of the river. You may move into it. But whatever God you worship, you must always obey the laws of China."

With the help of native labor and under the scrutiny of curious onlookers, Father Ricci rebuilt the Flowery Tower into a one-story European building. Still, it blended harmoniously with the orange and pomegranate trees that surrounded it and with the brightly colored lanterns of the houseboats.

But there were political factions in Chao-K'ing who were jealous of Father Ricci. They didn't like the idea of white men living permanently in the city. They whispered warnings to the governor. "These men are spies in league with the Portuguese. The house they are constructing is not a temple. It is an arsenal for secret weapons. They plan to blow up this city!"

The governor shook his head. "I do not believe they are smuggling in secret weapons." Yet he was deeply disturbed. Agents of the mandarins had whispered these warnings among folk high and low. Orators stood on street corners making charges publicly. Rumors of all sorts spread through

Chao-K'ing. A watchman declared under oath that one night he had seen the foreigners smuggle a huge object wrapped in skins into the temple. Finally the governor himself summoned Father Ricci and questioned him. Why was he taking so long to finish the temple? Why had he not opened the doors and permitted the public to enter?

The missionary appeared ill at ease under the questioning. Eventually he admitted that he did have some unusual equipment hidden behind the locked temple doors. "But I will open the temple when I am ready. Until then you must trust me."

But the populace was panicstricken. A few hours after Father Ricci had been questioned at the palace, citizens of all classes, armed with stones and clubs, stormed the temple. Father Ricci appeared, and raised his hand. Eventually he quieted the mob.

"Friends," he said, "I will confess it. I have a secret weapon. But you are forcing me to reveal it before the finishing touches have been put to it. Since you so desire, it shall be secret no longer!"

He asked the leaders of the crowd to step forward. He conducted them into a large central hall. "There!" said Father Ricci. "See for yourselves!"

Covering the entire wall from floor to ceiling was a huge, brilliantly colored map of the world.

It was the first genuine map of the world ever to appear in China. Each of the five continents was set off from the others in a dazzling hue. Every known country was labeled, each with a description of its people, customs, language, industries, and geographical resources. Father Ricci had been in the final stages of translating all this into Chinese when the riot had broken out.

The map was extraordinarily accurate within the limits of knowledge available to 16th-century Europe. It was, as Father Ricci had declared, a revolutionary "secret weapon"—in the war against ignorance.

The Chinese were astonished by it. Wise men from all over the province flocked to the temple to see the missionary's latest wonder. Their own maps had no such accurate



knowledge of the outside world. Theirs had portrayed China as a tremendous, centrally-located land mass, surrounded by a few scattered islands representing the several nations they had heard of. They had no idea of the actual shape, distance or direction of any foreign country. But Father Ricci's map changed all this. It gave the Chinese their first picture of the world they lived in. It also demonstrated to them that the earth was round. The Chinese scholars were honest enough to admit that Father Ricci had opened their eyes to amazing truths of geography. The governor himself was so pleased with the map that he insisted that copies be made and distributed to other provinces.

Father Ricci next made a calendar containing the latest scientific knowledge of the months and seasons. He gave lectures on astronomy and translated the geometry of Euclid into Chinese.

THE missionary found Chinese civilization to be a curious mixture of enlightenment and barbarism. China had developed a remarkable system of civil service. The highest administrative offices were held by doctors of philosophy, mandarins, and learned men who won their positions in competitive examinations. Their scholarship entitled them to the highest social status, similar to that of a duke or a count in Europe.

The people were comparatively peaceful. Their chief use for gunpowder was in the fireworks they used to celebrate holidays. Despite huge man-power resources, the emperors made little attempt to annex smaller nations. However, combined with this enlightenment was the practice of polygamy, the bartering of children into slavery, the drowning of female babies to cut down the size of families, the binding of women's feet to keep them "fashionably" small.

Father Ricci admired certain aspects of Chinese life and courageously opposed what was wrong. He traveled to several localities outside of Chao-K'ing to lecture and teach. On one occasion he moved into a "haunted" house to explode the popular superstitions about ghosts.

But he had his political troubles, too. Once the governor, in a fit of anger, banished him to Shao-Chow, a city with a notoriously unhealthy climate. Here one of his assistants died of yellow fever, and only Father Ricci's vigorous health saved him from a similar end. Eventually he managed to make his way, with his lay assistants, to Nanking. There for a time he lived and taught unmolested, having become in appearance as Chinese as any of those around him.

But, he eventually became unpopular with the officials. Jittery because of the threat of a Japanese

invasion, they suddenly looked upon him as a spy in the pay of Japan.

The governor summoned Father Ricci to appear before him. "You must leave China immediately. If the emperor discovers that I have been harboring foreigners, I'll suffer more than mere loss of office. Go now, and you may escape with your lives."

THE BLOW was a bitter one to Father Ricci. He had to steal off like a thief in the night, abandoning all his scientific equipment.

With a broken heart, the missionary closed his school, and together with his assistants left the city.

They passed through towns and villages, mingling in crowds, disguised as peddlers to avoid being seized by the police. They grabbed rides on river boats, and slowly made their way south toward the coast. Once there, they hoped to be picked up by a Portuguese sea patrol. Father Ricci continually muttered, "We must not leave China. If we fail to keep our mission going, no other Westerners may enter this kingdom for centuries!"

One evening while hiding in a barn on the outskirts of Nanchang, waiting for the darkness, Father Ricci seemed even more dejected than usual. In an effort to cheer him up, a follower declared, "Well, we've come this far without being

caught. A few miles more and we'll be out of reach of the police."

Father Ricci's face brightened. An idea had struck him. "Yes, the police! Why, the answer to our problem has been staring us in the face right along. Instead of stealing away, we should give ourselves up to the police. It is our one chance of remaining in China."

His companions looked shocked. But Father Ricci continued. "The emperor does not want a foreigner who has set eyes upon his country to return to the outer world with this information. If we hand ourselves over to the authorities, we'll be kept in China *permanently*."

"But we'll be put to death!"

"Probably. That's the gamble we take. But perhaps we can convince the court, as we have already persuaded several of the provincial governors, that we will be useful to China as scientists.

"And if we can, and we are spared, the officials will undoubtedly see to it that we never again pass over these borders. We'll be sentenced to remain here for life. Isn't it worth the risk? Live or die, we'll be certain to end our days here!"

Father Ricci offered his assistants the opportunity to continue on to Macao if they so desired. But all of them decided to remain with him. And so they walked into the nearest town and surrendered

themselves to the police. They were brought before the head magistrate of Nanchang.

The reception chamber was crowded with officials. In the audience there was a sprinkling of mandarins.

"What are you doing in the Empire of Heaven?" the magistrate asked Father Ricci severely.

"I am a priest. I have been teaching for several years in Chao-K'ing and Nanking."

Immediately an elderly mandarin stood up in the assembly. "I recognize this teacher. For three years my son sat at his feet in Chao-K'ing. He constructed a map that proves beyond a doubt that his mother country is so far away no army can possibly be launched from there to do us harm. Indeed, his knowledge of the planets makes him especially useful at this moment."

The mandarin went into a huddle with the presiding magistrate. They talked in low tones for several minutes. The magistrate then addressed the missionary. "You have appeared at a critical time, Father Ricci. My colleague here informs me that the royal astronomers in Peking are in danger of falling into eternal disgrace. On the moon of the Feast of the Dragon they predicted to the most august emperor, himself, that an eclipse of the sun would take place on the first day of the New Year. A proclamation was issued by the

court. The peers of the kingdom assembled at the Peking observatory in their robes of office to see it. But incredible as it may seem, nothing happened. The sun continued to shine!"

The mandarin now took up the story. "The emperor immediately dismissed the president of the Tribunal of Rites. I have been appointed to that office. I am on my way to Peking now. I have been ordered to correct the errors of the royal astronomers. But how do I know why the sun continued to shine on that tragic morning? You alone, Father Ricci, of all men in China, can unlock this secret! It was destiny that brought you into court today."

"But I left all my scientific instruments behind at Nanking. By now they certainly have been plundered by the mob."

"You can build new ones, Fath-



er Ricci. As president of the Tribunal of Rites and honorary chairman of the Royal Order of Learning, I will place all the facilities of the Royal observatory at your service."

"Do you dare to introduce a foreigner into Peking?"

"What choice do I have? If I do not correct the blunders of the royal astronomers, I am undone. You are famed for your knowledge of the planets. With your learning, you shall make yourself indispensable to the emperor. In any event, I must take the chance!"

THUS in 1598, Father Ricci entered the Forbidden Purple City of Peking, the first white man to pass within its gates since Marco Polo, 300 years before.

Father Ricci was taken at once to the throne room. His eyes were almost blinded by the glaring shade of yellow with which the hall was gilded from floor to ceiling. Yellow was the royal color. No one else was permitted to wear this color or furnish his home in it.

The throne stood between perforated gold columns from which incense rose, mingling with the odor of myrrh from censers set on ivory stands. Opposite the throne was a huge mirror in which Wan-Li, the emperor, looked upon his own magnificence. He rarely had eyes for anyone else. A thousand yellow lanterns cast light on him. His courtiers were dressed

somberly, even shabbily, so as not to detract one iota from the appearance of the "Son of Heaven."

The emperor received Father Ricci's gifts noncommittally. The finest that Western art, science, and ingenuity could produce was placed before him, without apparent effect. But when the missionary had seemingly reached the end of his resources, the emperor leaned forward and took him by the beard. "Man of science, can you show me how to live forever?"

Father Ricci was stunned by this unexpected question. He remained silent.

The emperor rose to his feet. "My royal command is that I live forever. I have searched throughout my kingdom for the physician, astronomer, philosopher who will prepare the proper drug. I have not found him. If you cannot supply me with the formula, you are useless to me!"

Father Ricci turned to one of his assistants and took from him a final gift, one he had withheld until now. It was a large picture of the Madonna and Child painted by a Renaissance master. He set it up for the emperor to see. "Your majesty, you ask for eternal life. I do not have it to give. But look at this Child, born over 1,600 years ago. He is living today. He has the secret to eternal life."

"Bring the child to me immediately!"

"Your majesty," replied Father Ricci, "you must go to Him."

"That is impossible."

"Not at all. You may reach Him without ever setting foot outside this palace. Let me settle in this city, and I will show you how."

And then Father Ricci walked over to a clavichord, one of the gifts he had brought with him. He sat down and played very softly as he spoke. "There are various kinds of immortality. Consider this musical theme. It was written by a man called Palestrina. It will live as long as someone wishes to play it. And the heart of a man who has laid down his life for a friend surely beats forever. And those who have learned why the planets move in their orbits, do you suppose they ever close their eyes to truth?"

The emperor burst out laughing. "Man of science, I like your tune. Stay with us in Peking!"

THE EMPEROR was a temperamental fellow. At first the association was a tempestuous one. Father Ricci was exiled from Peking when politicians unfriendly to him misled the emperor with their prejudices. But the resourceful Jesuit succeeded in regaining the emperor's favor. He returned to Peking, and lived there for nine years until his death.

He constructed new astronomical instruments for the Peking observatory and corrected the errors of

the royal stargazers. He opened an academy of physical sciences, and he wrote melodies for the royal clavichord. He introduced European architecture and built a chapel with the arches, cornices, and pillars of the Renaissance. His reputation as a teacher grew until the scholars of China gave him the title of Ching-Jeu, or Holy One of the West. The title of Holy One had hitherto been given only to Confucius and a few other Chinese heroes.

Daily meetings were held at the academy of physical sciences. While the master and his disciples picked at their food with ebony chopsticks, they discussed the solar system of Copernicus, the anatomy of Vesalius, the poetry of Petrarch. In addition, the master printed and distributed by the thousands a catechism on Christianity, pointing out to the Chinese that the teachings of Christ were at many points simply an expression of all that was best in Chinese morality. Confucius had declared, "What you would not have others do unto yourself, do not do unto others." Jesus had given this philosophy of passive tolerance as a positive rule of love.

Like Confucius, Jesus believed that human society must be rooted in the moral strength of the individual. He taught that a person's salvation was assured only when he loved virtue as instinctively as he loved beauty. Confucius, when

First Auto Made By Jesuit in China

THE Jesuit successors of Father Ricci continued to emphasize western science in their mission to the Chinese. One of them invented a steam-driven automobile.

The priest-scientist-inventor was Father Ferdinand Verbiest, head of the Bureau of Mathematics at the imperial court in Peking in 1678. His model car was of wood, had the usual four wheels, was two feet long, and was very light. The steam boiler that powered it was heated by hot coals in a metal dish. The escaping steam blew against a propeller attached to a shaft, and drove the steam auto around for a good length of time. The learned men of the court, even the emperor, were amazed.

Father Verbiest made a boat which was also steam propelled. However, instead of the power being directed to a shaft as on the car it was exerted against a sail. This artificial wind was able to carry the craft all over the emperor's private lake. The priest made an extra-fancy boat, which made music as it sailed, for the emperor's brother. This boat had a piece of pipe added to it, bored like a flute. Steam was forced through the openings, and made a sweet, bird-like sound.

Father Verbiest is given credit by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology as being the first to make a model of a steam-driven car.

P. H. Behnke in the *Far East* (May '51).

advised to retreat from the world and live as a hermit, had replied, even as Jesus would have done, "But if I may not associate with suffering mankind, with whom am I to associate?"

Matteo Ricci, who had devoted his life to a study of the Chinese, felt a kinship with Confucius when he said, "I am disappointed, naturally, when men do not understand me. But my greater concern is when I do not understand them."

But the teachings of Confucius for all their brilliance had spiritual shortcomings. He offered nothing beyond the here and now. Jesus

offered immortality. Confucius believed that wisdom itself could cure all the world's evils. Jesus knew that love was the all-important touchstone, and that learning without love was potentially far more destructive than ignorance.

Christianity, coming from the heart of this Jesuit who had made such a painstaking effort to be one with them, made a deep impression upon the Chinese. In converting many of his pupils to Christianity, Father Ricci prepared the way for other missionaries to reap an even greater harvest.

Carrying out his tremendous role as the Western World's first ambassador of good will to the East seriously undermined Father Ricci's health and shortened his life. In 1610, all the leading scholars in China made a pilgrimage to the Imperial palace to pay homage to the emperor. As a matter of course, they called on Peking's leading private citizen as well. The round of entertaining exhausted Father Ricci's already overstrained constitution. He fell ill and died, at 58.

The entire nation paid tribute to Ching-Jeu. A Buddhist temple was transformed into a Christian church to accept his body, and his converts prayed for his soul. The missionary who had introduced modern science into China died convinced that other Westerners would find their way into China to carry on his work. He had written to Rome, just before his death,

describing the kind of missionaries to be sent. "Let them be good astronomers."

Jesuit missionaries did succeed in entering China again to carry on the spiritual and temporal work of Father Ricci. Leibnitz, the great German physicist and co-inventor of calculus, corresponded with Jesuit scientists in China.

Today a new Chinese Wall has been erected against the spirit of free inquiry. But the intellectual freedom for which Matteo Ricci stood is certain to be born again in the country of Confucius.

Jesus said, "Going therefore, teach ye all nations. . . . and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world." And none of His disciples carried out this command in a more spirited manner than the blue-eyed mandarin from Italy who was buried with Chinese national honors in the forbidden city of Peking.

Try, Try Again

YEARS AGO in Illinois, an ambitious fellow with six months' schooling to his credit ran for an office in the legislature. As might have been expected, he was beaten. Next, he entered business but failed at that, also, and spent the next 17 years paying the debts of his worthless partner. He fell in love with a charming lady and became engaged—and she died. He ran for congressman and was defeated. He then tried to obtain an appointment to the U. S. Land office but did not succeed. He became candidate for the Vice-Presidency and lost. Two years later he was defeated again.

After all these setbacks did he become discouraged? No. He knew if he kept trying he would succeed. He ran for office once more and was elected. What was this man's name? It was Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln.

The Fight Against Flu

*One year's death toll from the flu was greater than the toll
of two World Wars*

By O. A. BATTISTA

Twice within the memory of some of us, influenza has spread a trail of sickness and death across the world. In 1899 and again in 1918, flu was pandemic: it affected a majority of people in all countries.

Not until 1927, when Edwin Oakes Jordan published his *Epidemic Influenza*, was it known how far-reaching the 1918 flu attack had been. His monumental work estimated 21,642,283 deaths, nearly 16 million in Asia alone. More than 2 million died in Europe, $1\frac{1}{3}$ million in Africa, more than 1 million in North America. The total mortality was 2 million greater than the number of military and civilian deaths caused by the 1st and 2nd world wars combined. It included 550,000 Americans, $\frac{1}{2}$ million Mexicans, 44,000 Canadians. It appeared at the same time in Africa, Japan, Labrador, and the South Seas. In Alaska, some Eskimo villages lost their entire adult populations.

Near the end of the 1st World War, a violent form of influenza

spread across the continents. Farmers, wondering why they hadn't seen their neighbors for a couple of days, went to their houses to find them dead. In the cities, people were dying in the streets. In the cemeteries digging machines excavated long trenches.

One thing is reassuring. We now know that the wholesale deaths of 1918 were due entirely to pneumonia and other secondary diseases. They knocked out victims already laid low by flu. Since those days, the sulfonamides and penicillin have made pneumonia seldom fatal. Now that the scientists have minimized the problem of pneumonia, influenza has lost much of its mortal terror.

Nevertheless, in spite of all the facts that have been discovered about it, flu has given our medical sleuths a hard time. It still remains one of the big medical mysteries of our time.

For example, until 1918 almost everyone believed that Pfeiffer's bacillus, discovered in flu patients in 1893, was the cause of influenza.

This theory was abandoned in 1918 when careful studies failed to show the presence of Pfeiffer's bacillus in many influenza patients. In fact, doctors found the germ in healthy persons almost as often as in the sick.

In the early 1930's three English doctors found the real culprit, the influenza virus called type A. Viruses are chemicals without life, yet able to reproduce themselves in the presence of living matter. In 1940, two American scientists, Drs. T. P. Magill and Thomas Francis, Jr., discovered type B influenza virus. A new vaccine protects us from both these types.

Types A and B are believed to be the ones that cause the epidemics that have occurred every few years since 1918. Other types probably exist but have not yet been identified. Type A is thought to have caused the epidemics in the odd-numbered years since 1933. Type B occurred in the even-numbered years, when influenza approached epidemic proportions.

The virus is an unusually subtle bug. No one notices it until some biological, environmental or other influence starts the epidemic. Attempts to connect the onset of influenza epidemics with changes in atmospheric pressure or temperature have failed; but we do know that 85% of influenza cases develop in fall and winter.

Influenza breaks out on a regular schedule. Scattered cases appear

every winter, caused by viruses A or B, or perhaps still others. But every two or three years virus A infects unusually large numbers of people, and an epidemic occurs. Every three to six years, virus B breaks out in increasing numbers of cases. Sometimes the two germs coincide in a given place and a large-scale epidemic develops. According to Public Health department figures, flu has been behaving this way since 1890, showing almost predictable ups and downs from winter to winter.

It is becoming more widely believed that one of the reasons the flu bug is so elusive is that it is most contagious before its victim becomes sick. You can't quarantine people who don't know that they are about to get sick.

Today, fortunately, flu virus can be raised in limitless amounts in the lungs of ferrets, mice, or pigs. According to one source, a new vaccine, about 50% effective, is now available to the public, ready for administration by the family doctor. The vaccine costs about \$1.

Dr. Thomas Francis, Jr., at the University of Michigan, made the vaccine by growing influenza virus in fertile hens' eggs, then killing the virus. The dead virus, injected under the skin, creates protective antibodies. A single small injection usually gives a year's immunity against the two major types of flu, A and B. But it is strictly a preventive. Inoculation does not help

after exposure to the disease. The vaccine must be given a week to 10 days before a person is exposed to influenza to allow time for immunity to the disease to be built up in the body.

Even better influenza vaccines seem to be on the way, thanks to work in the World Health organization laboratories around the world and the World Influenza center in London during the last two years.

A new drug was recently discovered that checks the growth of the virus when it is growing on eggs in the laboratory. It is called acriidine, and is related to the anti-malaria drug, atabrine.

The difficulty with antiflu vaccines has been that there are many strains of influenza viruses. Vaccines against one may not be effective if another strain is making people sick.

Right now scientists are studying an influenza virus strain called P. The P influenza has occurred side by side with one called Q in several different parts of the world. It is believed that they are two phases of flu virus and that they are reversible. That is, when one has passed through so many partially immune persons, it is transformed into the other phase. Production of antibodies in the blood is, as far as doctors now know, the

main defense of human beings against influenza.

Influenza is still the "last remaining great plague," though modern medicine feels confident that flu may never again become the violent killer it was in years gone by. Even so, anyone who knows that he is susceptible should take a flu "shot" once a year.

When people do die in present-day epidemics, they usually have some chronic disease. Their heart trouble or cancer is brought to a critical stage by the weakening effects of influenza. Healthy persons who take care of themselves properly following a bout with the flu have a much better chance of uneventful recovery than they used to have. Most important, the various "wonder drugs" are very effective against pneumonia.

My family doctor told me this about influenza. "Avoid crowds when the bug is in the area. Keep yourself well fed and well rested. Should you come down with the bug, palliatives such as aspirin may help to reduce the fever and make a case of flu generally more bearable, but they do not shorten its duration by so much as an hour. You will get over flu just as quickly if you take nothing. You should by all means have a physician, not only to diminish suffering but to stand watch against pneumonia."

MUD thrown is ground lost.

—Alta G. Shaw.

Four Girls in a Factory

They turn the lights on

Condensed
from the *Universe**



A YEAR AGO in England four girls set out from their home for their first day at work in a television factory. They were pleasant-looking, cheerful girls, and well dressed. They wore just enough make-up to show they wished to look their best and knew how to do it.

They set off on their journey that autumn morning in as true a spirit of dedication as any missionary leaving for a foreign country. They were going to be "witnesses of Christ."

Had you followed them, you would have seen them break their journey for Mass and Communion at a convent and then snatch a breakfast at a truckers' drive-in.

The girls were members of the English Society of the Grail, headquartered in Middlesex, where for months they had prepared, through study, prayer, and the cultivation of self-discipline, for the work they were chosen to pioneer.

They were the guinea pigs of an experiment. How well they dis-

charged their mission is proved by a decision that has now been made. Their work is to continue and expand. Other girls will be allowed to follow them into other factories and business places.

It was no part of the girls' mission to be propagandists. Their job was not to preach, not even primarily to let Catholic teaching infiltrate into conversations. They did not let their workmates know that they were different from them in any way.

Their witness was to be borne through example. They were to show Christian teaching in action, leaving their fellow workers to discover for themselves the source which inspired it.

In externals they made it their task to conform in every respect with the girls working around them. They took, therefore, a full quota of interest in dress, entering into the amiable competition of the world of fashion. They used powder and lipstick. They started to smoke.

*Field House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4, England. Nov. 7, 1952.
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Their mission began on that first day at the workbench. Of 15 girls at the same bench, 13 did not believe in God. The other two were lapsed Catholics.

The Grail girls performed whatever personal services they could for their comrades.

A married woman with five children, forced into the factory to help keep her home going, was dismissed for being too slow. She suffered the handicap of the effects of infantile paralysis and her work was slower than that of the rest. Her wage was around \$10.50 a week. When the Grail girls heard she had been dismissed, one of them went to the personnel manager and explained the woman's difficulties. The woman was called back and given an inspection job bringing her \$14 a week.

A time-and-motion unit arrived one day at the factory to "rationalize" methods of work. The knowledge that they were being watched made the girls nervous, and slowed down production. A Grail girl told the foreman that the system was inhuman and wrong. The foreman gave her a stop-watch and told her to set the times herself. She did so, and her standards were accepted.

In other ways, too, the girls helped worker-management relations. Opportunities came so frequently that they took a course in labor law so that no chance should slip by.

Meanwhile, they were able to

help their neighbors in more personal ways.

Intricacies of wage deductions were beyond the grasp of many of the workers. The Grail girls helped to explain them and to assure the workers that they had the right amounts. Often the girls had grievances, but not the ability to express them. The Grail girls became their spokesmen.

This personal service extended to sharing cigarettes, even the last, and lending money for meals in the regular financial famines at the end of the week.

A married woman, more discerning than her neighbors, realized that such charity could not be without its principles. She put the question to them and had her answer. The news traveled quickly through the factory. It served only to strengthen existing friendships and made no enemies. The fact that the factory girls drew closer to the Grail members was an unmistakable sign of their willingness to respond to good. It meant that the experiment was a success.

There was now little restraint in speaking of religion. Charity had earned for the Grail girls the right to teach, though the free and easy talks, prompted by questions, had nothing of formal instruction about them.

There were no sudden conversions. But religion became the subject of deep interest during lunch hours. Girls who had not the slight-

est knowledge of God listened with close attention as the Grail girls taught them. The many questions showed that the instructions had not been lost.

Later on, the Grail girls had proof of the worth of their work. Here is only one incident out of many.

A young girl who came from an unhappy home and did not believe in God left the factory to marry. Three months before her baby was born her husband died from infantile paralysis. The girl, overcome by grief, remembered the Grail girls' talks. Today her belief in God is her consolation. She travels to Grail headquarters to visit her former factory colleagues and continue the talks on religion.

The girls were finally withdrawn, two to begin the same work in other factories, two to give the benefit of their experience to others now being prepared for the factory mission.

The English Society of the Grail is a secular institute, a band of women who dedicate the whole of

their lives to the service of God, but who carry out their work in the world, through worldly occupations. They take the three private vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They live together, except when their mission takes them far afield, and they devote their time to a blend of spiritual works and preparation for the tasks for which they are destined.

Members of the society study and train for three to five years before being admitted as full members. Their life, regulated by rule, is centered around the Mass and on the lay apostolate in its many forms.

When their call comes, they set out for any part of the country. They may enter a university or a shop. They may find themselves cooking for 100 people or working in an office. They may wait upon old folks, or take charge of a youth club. Their road may take them among Catholics, Protestants or Jews.

Their life is one of selfless service, but it is a life of adventure, too.



Give Us This Day

A FRIEND once tried to console Lincoln in his many problems by saying, "I hope the Lord is on our side."

Lincoln replied emphatically that this was not his hope. "I am not at all concerned about that, for we know that the Lord is always on the side of the right. But it is my constant anxiety and prayer that I and this nation should be on the Lord's side."

From *Just for Today* by James Keller (Doubleday, \$2).

BOOKS

BOOKS FOR LENTEN READING

BY FRANCIS BEAUCHESNE THORNTON

The Religious Publishers Group is composed of Catholics and Protestants. This group, especially in the last few years, has done splendid work in furthering the spread of religious books. At the end of every year, the Group selects two noted critics: one Protestant and one Catholic. To them is given the honor of selecting Catholic and Protestant lists for Lenten reading. The lists are sent out to booksellers and are published in prominent magazines.

This year the noted convert Clare Boothe Luce was selected to draw up the Catholic list of books for Lenten reading. This is her list of recommended books.

St. Francis Xavier, James Brodrick (N.Y. Wicklow, \$5). Authoritative, scholarly biography of the great saint of the Indies which sacrifices nothing to readability and sustained interest. Father Brodrick is widely known as an expert on the history of the Jesuits and this book will rank among his chief accomplishments.

One Sky to Share, R. L. Bruckberger, O.P. (N.Y. Kenedy, \$3). French and American journals of the author: the French journals recount his experiences as a chaplain to the French resistance; the Amer-

ican, his reactions to American life, both cultural, and political.

Saints for Now, edited by Clare Boothe Luce (N.Y. Sheed & Ward, \$3.50). Whittaker Chambers, Evelyn Waugh, Paul Gallico, Rebecca West, Bruce Marshall, Karl Stern, and many others writing on the saint they consider most important for people today. Illustrations by Thomas Merton, Salvador Dali, and several others.

The Autobiography of a Hunted Priest, John Gerard, S.J. Translated by Philip Caraman (N.Y. Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3.50). Breath-taking story of a priest in Elizabethan England, who endured torture and the constant risk of discovery to minister to the faithful. Translated from the original Latin into idiomatic and gripping English.

The World's First Love, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen (N.Y. McGraw Hill, \$3.50). This book is really a love song to the Mother of God. Reverently, Bishop Sheen dwells on her attributes, her life, and her example, ending with a prediction of the part she will play in bringing Russia to Christ.

The Book of the Saviour, assembled by F. J. Sheed (N.Y. Sheed & Ward, \$4). The whole of Christ's life on earth and in the Church, illuminated by such authors as

Ronald Knox, Belloc, Chesterton, Caryll Houselander, and Walter Farrell, O.P., with a connecting narrative by F. J. Sheed.

Margaret of Metola, William R. Bonniwell, O.P. (N.Y. Kenedy, \$2.50). The incredible story of a 14th-century Dominican tertiary who, born of noble parents, but blind and crippled, was abandoned and left to make her own way in life. How she overcame persecution, hatred, and every manner of misfortune until at her death she was hailed by the people as a saint makes absorbing reading.

A Chance to Live, John Patrick Carroll-Abbing (N.Y. Longmans, \$3). Inspiring story of Monsignor Carroll-Abbing's work with the war orphans of Italy, for whom he built not only homes, but new lives.

St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Agnes de la Gorce (N.Y. Sheed & Ward, \$3). Biography of French beggar-saint which succeeds in showing how his inner joy and beauty of soul triumphed over the unbelievably sordid circumstances of his life.

Catholicism and the World Today, Dom Aelred Graham (N.Y. McKay, \$3). Believing that only to a Christian is the world reasonable and endurable, Dom Aelred Graham presents the solutions offered by Catholicism to today's problems, with special emphasis on the teaching authority of the Church and on communism as one of the most disturbing symptoms of unrest today.

Don Camillo and His Flock, Giovanni Guareschi (N.Y. Pellegrini & Cudahy, \$3). The sequel to *The Little World of Don Camillo* finds the chief inhabitants of a small Italian village, the communist mayor, Peppone, and Don Camillo, the pugnacious priest, still waging guerrilla warfare against each other while Christ looks on from His tabernacle, sometimes sympathetic with the priest, but sometimes not.

Quartet in Heaven, Sheila Kaye-Smith (N.Y. Harper, \$3.50). A loving story of four vastly different holy women: Catherine of Genoa, mystic and practical woman of affairs; Cornelia Connelly, surely the least likely foundress any Religious Order ever had; Rose of Lima, admired of all Peru, yet a trial to her mother; and Thérèse of Lisieux, whose shower of roses has never ceased to fall.

Just For Today, James Keller (N.Y. Doubleday, \$2). Inspirational stories for every day of the year in the tradition of *Three Minutes a Day* and *One Moment Please*, selected by the founder of the Christophers.

Karen, Marie Killilea (N.Y. Prentice-Hall, \$2.95). Beautifully written story of a Catholic family's struggle against all odds to bring as much of normal living as possible to their little girl, born with cerebral palsy, and to all other children similarly stricken with the dread disease.

The Single Woman, John Laurence (N. Y. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$4.50). Practical discussion of the problems which face the unmarried woman in today's world. With insight and humor Father Laurence brings into the open many of the specters which haunt the women who "remain unmarried perforce."

Christ Unconquered, Arthur Little (N. Y. Prentice-Hall, \$4.50). Epic poem dealing with the passion and death of Christ, marked with beauty of phrase and majestic breadth. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel.

The Catholic Way, Theodore Maynard (N. Y. Appleton-Century-Crofts, \$3.50). The total picture of Catholicism, as a divinely instituted Church, and in its social implications for the individual Catholic. Suitable book for the Catholic wishing to know more of his faith, or for the inquirer who wonders what it is that constitutes the "Catholic way."

These Are Your Sons, Timothy J. Mulvey (N. Y. McGraw-Hill,

\$3.75). Father Mulvey translates battle statistics into heart-warming stories of your sons, brothers, and husbands as they are found on the Korean front.

Catholicism and American Power, James M. O'Neill (N. Y. Harper, \$3.50). A scholarly reply to *American Freedom and Catholic Power*. Mr. O'Neill examines the history of the Catholic Church in America and analyzes Paul Blanshard's book with special emphasis on the relation of Church to state.

Life of Christ, Giuseppe Ricciotti (Milwaukee, Bruce, \$3.50). Popular, shortened edition of the 740-page original, this life of Christ is simple and straight-forward, yet enriched by the outstanding scholarship of the author.

No Secret Is Safe, Mark Tennien, M.M. (N. Y. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50). This day-to-day account of Father Tennien's experience in China opens one's eyes to the ruthless methods employed by communists when they have gained

BOOKS

SELECTIONS OF CATHOLIC CHILDREN'S BOOK CLUB

147 E. 5TH ST., ST. PAUL 1, MINN.

(Subscribers to this club may purchase at a special discount.)

Picture Book Group—6 to 9. *Wish I May*, by Roberta Whitehead (Houghton, \$2).

Intermediate—9 to 12. *Far And Few*, by David McCord (Little, Brown, \$2.50).

Boys—12 to 16. *The Book of Ralf*, by Phyllis Garrard (Bobbs, Merrill, \$2.75).

Girls—12 to 16. *The News is Good*, by Marie McSwigan (Dutton, \$2.75).

Knowledge Builders. A Picture History of France, by Clarke Hutton (Franklin Watts, \$3.95).

the upper hand in any country.

Many Are One, Leo J. Trese (Chicago, Fides, \$2.50). Translation of the doctrine of the Mystical Body into concrete terms of everyday life. Over and over Father Trese emphasizes that we *are* our brother's keeper, and he gives numberless examples of ways in which we can prove it. "This will take a lot of doing," he says, "but it starts with me, and now."

The White Paradise, Peter van der Meer Walcheren (N.Y. McKay, \$2). The Carthusian life of silence and prayer seen as a fortress defending the heedless world from the powers of evil. Daily life of the monks described with great insight and understanding.

Psychiatry and Catholicism, James H. VanderVeldt, O.F.M., Ph.D., and Robert P. Odenwald, M.D., F.A.P.A. (N.Y. McGraw-Hill, \$6). There has been a great need of a book which would bring the valid findings of psychiatry into harmony with Christian ethics, and here the authors have admir-

ably accomplished the task. Psychiatric principles are evaluated in terms of Catholic teaching and the whole gamut of mental disorders is described with helpful analysis of the extent of the moral responsibility of those afflicted.

The American Apostolate, edited by Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. (Westminster, Md., Newman, \$3). Eighteen essays describing some of the present activities of the Catholic Church in America. Included are discussions of the work of Friendship House, the Catholic Worker, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, the Catholic Committee of the South, specialized Catholic Action, the rural life apostolate and many others.

Our Lady's Fool, Maria Winowska (Westminster, Md., Newman, \$3). Inspiring story of Father Maximilian Kolbe, O.F.M. Conv., whose life was dedicated to our Lady and who finally died in a concentration camp, having given himself as a replacement for a man condemned to death.

Who Gives?

A RECENT survey made by the Russell Sage foundation shows that: Families in the U.S. with a net income of less than \$3,000 a year gave more than 60% of all the moneys donated to charities; 82% of the total given came from families whose income was less than \$5,000 a year; the lowest rate of giving of any group was that of the average family with an income of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year: they gave only 1.9% of their income.

Heartbreak House

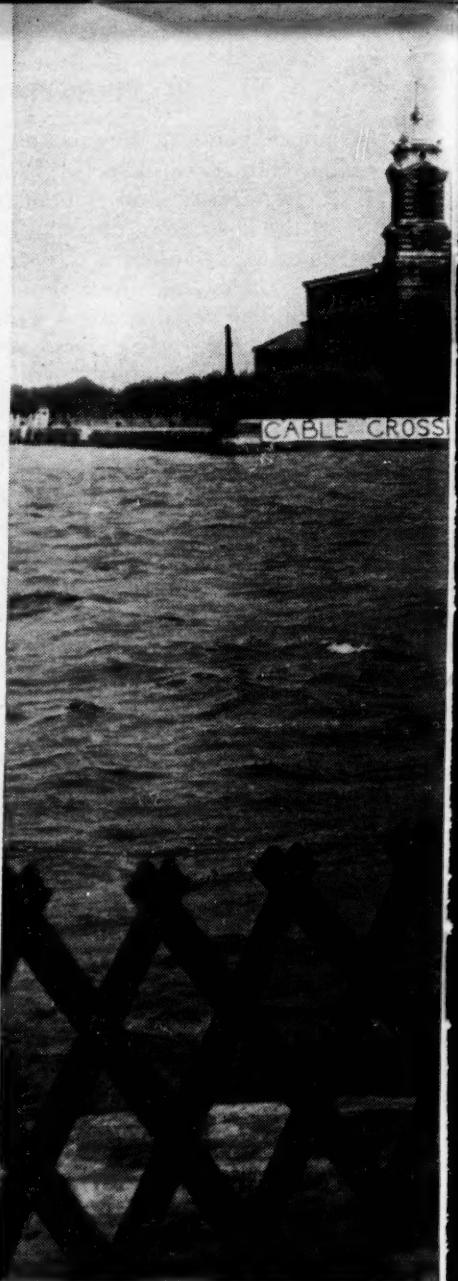
Some 16 million persons remember their anxious wait on Ellis Island for U.S. entry permits

WITHIN a stone's throw of the Statue of Liberty and in sight of Manhattan's skyline is a small island where joy and heartbreak abound, where the door to freedom opens for some, clangs shut on others. It is called Ellis Island.

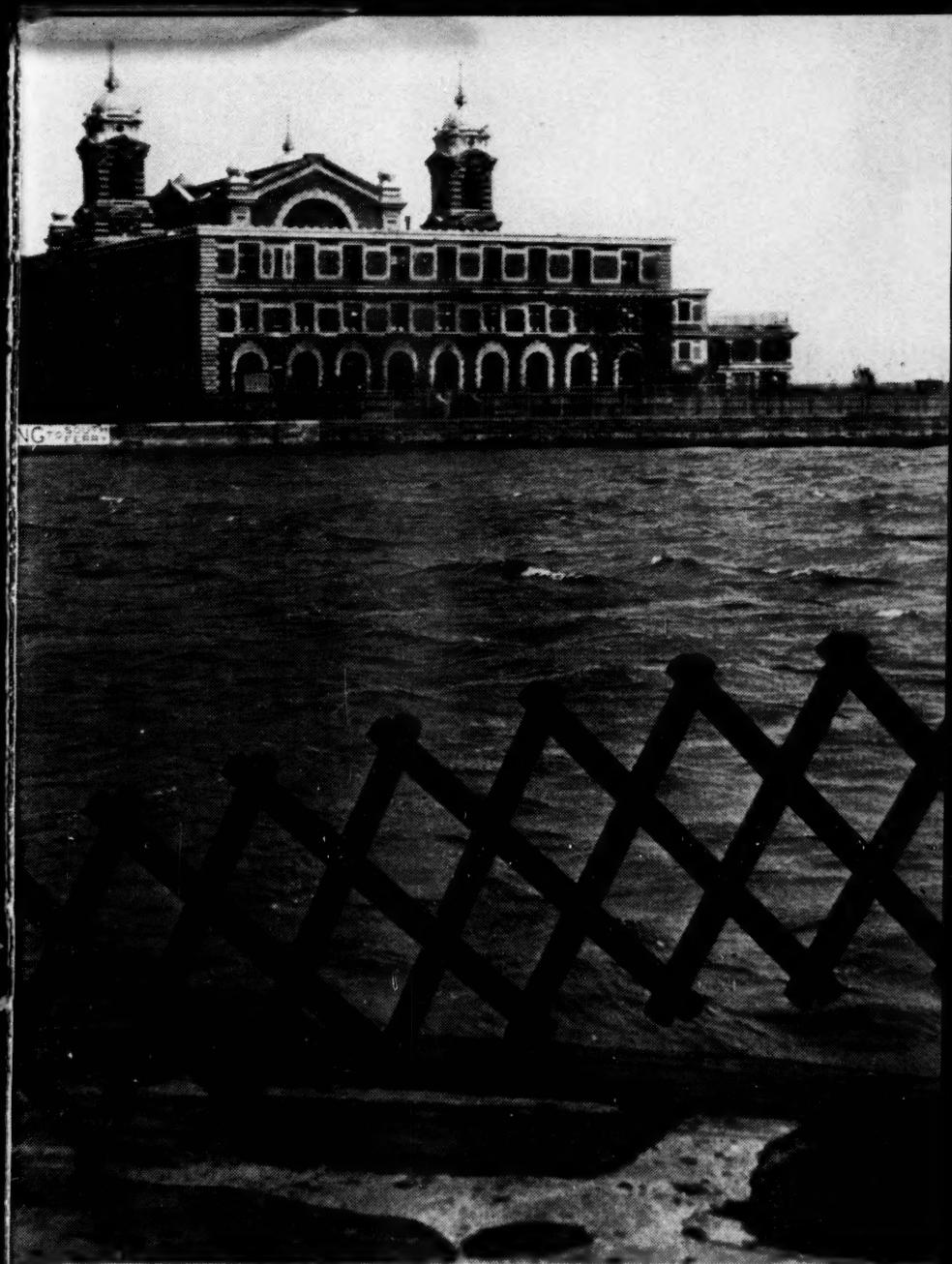
Primarily, Ellis Island is a processing station where aliens who have run afoul of immigration laws are detained pending investigation. Their cases usually involve exclusion or expulsion.

Exclusion cases are persons who hope to enter the U.S. as visitors or future citizens and who are medically unfit or whose papers are not in order. The expulsion cases consist of detention and deportation proceedings against aliens who have entered the country illegally, whose visas have expired, or who are being deported as undesirable.

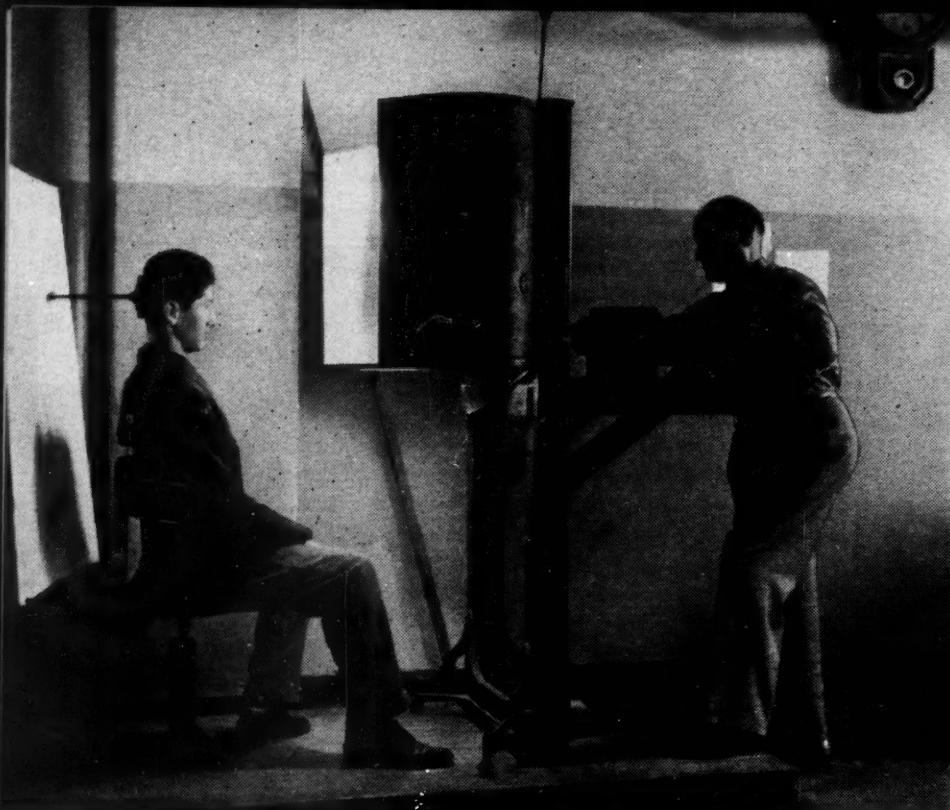
Since 1891, when the island became a government immigration station, more than 16 million aliens have passed through its stone buildings. Formerly, all 3rd-class passen-



From the ferry approaching the island, immi-



grants see the main buildings. Some 16 million persons have been processed here since 1891.



Security Officer Harry Goodman photographs an alien. The next processing step is fingerprinting.

gers disembarked at Ellis Island for examination, and there were many nights when more than 3,000 aliens were detained pending clearance. Now the Justice Department's Immigration bureau processes alien passengers aboard ship. Only those who have not complied with immigration rules are held at Ellis Island.

Investigation and decision on this type of detainee usually take about eight days. It is a period of tense waiting for such persons until they

receive their entry permits or hear the dreaded word that they must return to the land from which they came.

The majority of the present detainee population consists of aliens who were residing in the U. S. illegally and have been apprehended by immigration agents for deportation. The others are persons who would like to become U. S. citizens but do not have entrance authorization. They have come so near, and yet are still so far.

While her alien parents await a court decision on their entry permit, this 2½-year-old girl has spent her entire life on Ellis Island waiting with them.

Robert F. Smith, supervisor of security, inspects a dormitory which was occupied by enemy aliens during World War II.





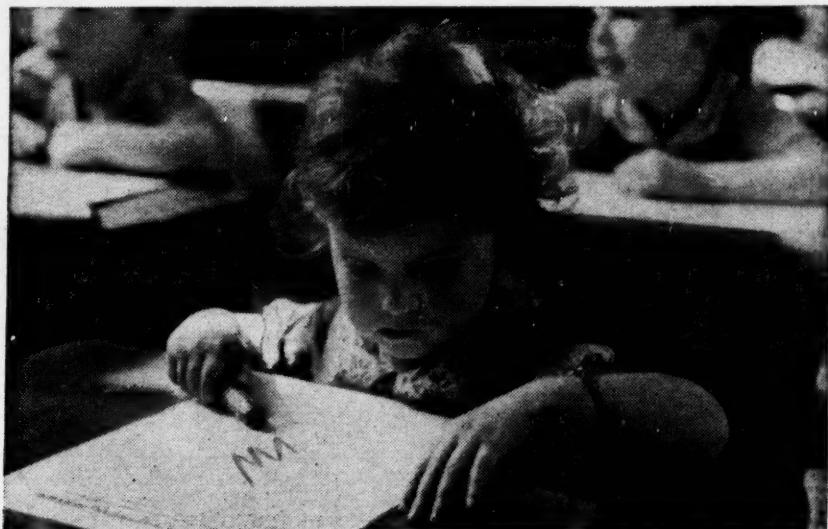
Reginald Williams (left), an Australian seaman charged with illegal entry, is detained on Ellis Island pending transportation back to Australia. Detainees are paid 10 cents an hour for chores.



Lithuanian immigrant Albertas Bauras feeds his 4-year-old son. Detainees eat cafeteria style. For many of the immigrants the meals at Ellis Island are the finest they have ever enjoyed.



Families are not separated. The Yrie Haapmans, who escaped from Estonia, are assigned a room of their own. With 31 countrymen they crossed the Atlantic from Estonia in a fishing boat.

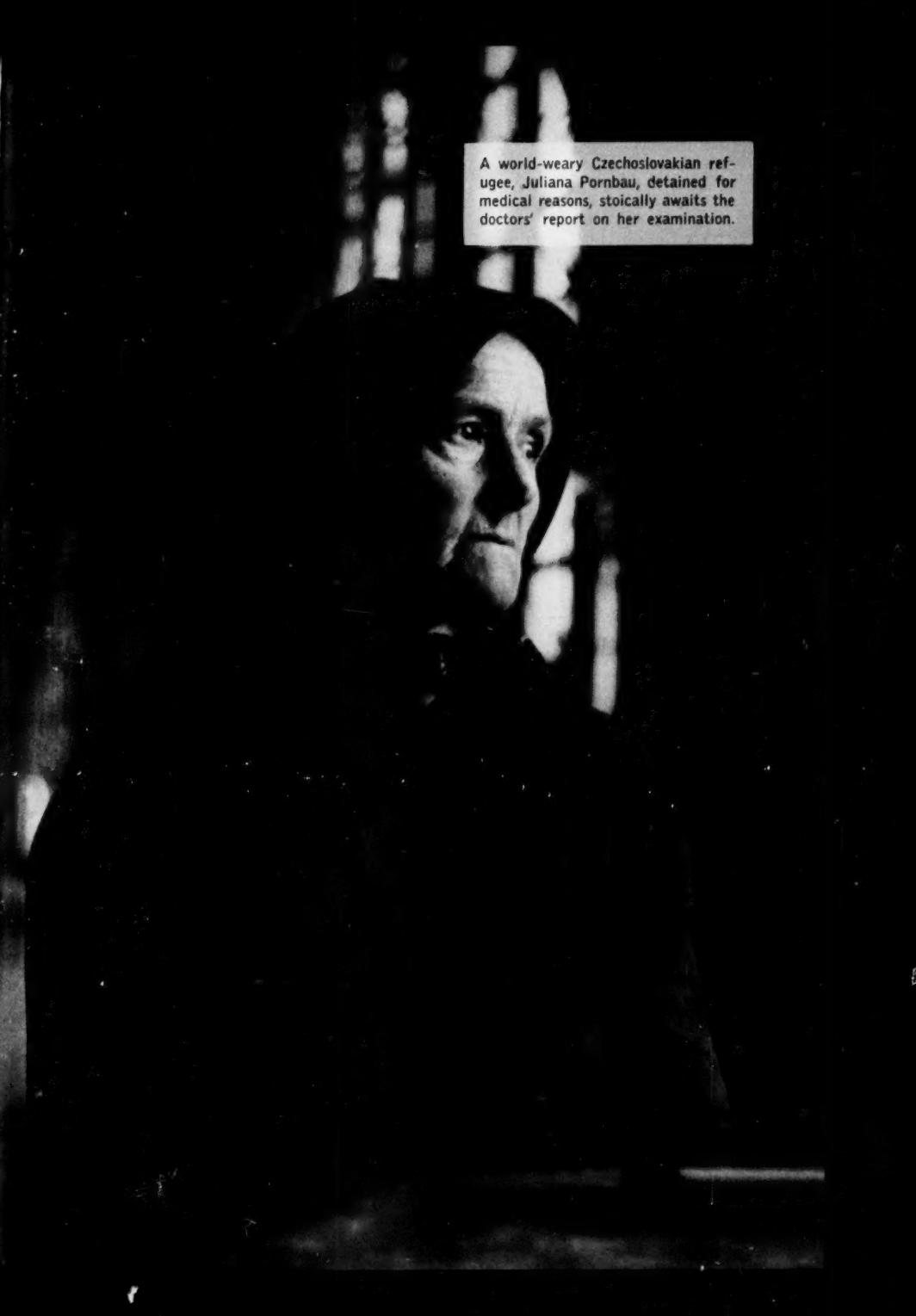


In the classroom for children of detainees, 3-year-old Sonja Clemens enjoys drawing with a large crayon. Her parents are being deported to England and she will have to go with them.

RAILROAD TICKETS



Benjamin Sprung is the man detainees would like most to meet. He is the railroad ticket agent.



A world-weary Czechoslovakian refugee, Juliana Pernbauer, detained for medical reasons, stoically awaits the doctors' report on her examination.

Famous illustrator Alex Ross does the covers for Good Housekeeping. He has in the past done covers and illustrations for many of the great magazines. The poster in the background was painted for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith as a personal favor to Bishop Sheen. Ross illustrated the last article Fulton Oursler wrote before his death.



Although I have been doing magazine covers for many years, this is my first one for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, and I am extremely happy to be the artist chosen to portray Patsy Li.

The story of her remarkable adventures, by my good friend Father Gehring, is one of the most amazing sagas of our time. I feel certain that, because of its universal appeal, her story will reach everyone's heart, regardless of race.

My heartiest congratulations to you on the success of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, and may it always be what its name implies, a magazine of universal interest.

Sincerely yours,